

Mus. Th.

5169

π

Mus. H. 5169 ²₌

Wolzen
(Wagner)

1

RECOLLECTIONS

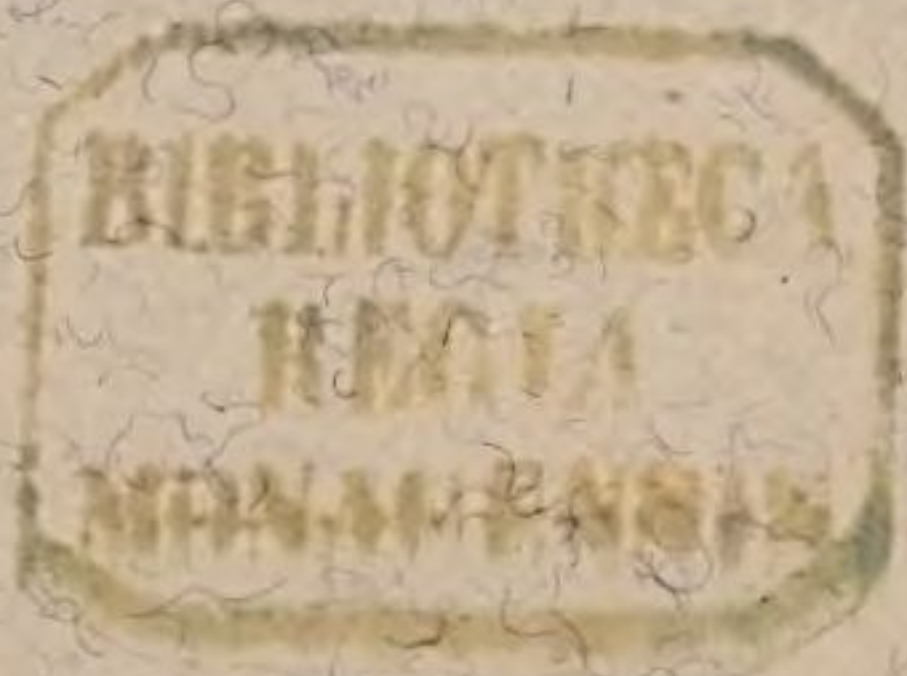
of

RICHARD WAGNER.

HANS VON WOLZOGEN.



247



RECOLLECTIONS
OF
RICHARD WAGNER.

BY
HANS VON WOLZOGEN.



TRANSLATED
FROM THE GERMAN WITH THE AUTHOR'S PERMISSION

BY
AGNES AND CARNEGIE SIMPSON.

BAYREUTH.

CARL GIESSEL'S PUBLISHING-HOUSE.

1894.

Translators' Note.

Hans von Wolzogen's name needs no introduction to those who know anything of Wagnerian literature. His "Leitfäden" in particular have many grateful English readers. Finding on coming to Bayreuth, that his little volume of "Erinnerungen" was inaccessible to persons who do not read German, the translators have rapidly prepared this English version in the hope it may be of some use. The book is not a systematic study of Wagner, but it casts many interesting and instructive lights on his aims and views, his characteristics and circumstances and his life-work. Among other things it shews how intensely and entirely artistic his whole nature was and also how thoroughly German, (if is of value, apart from its immediate subject, as a contribution to the study of the artistic temperament and the German genius) and this helps us to understand his deeply moral and religious spirit.

The translators' thanks are offered to the original publishers for permission to translate the book, and especially to the author, Baron von Wolzogen, for his courtesy and help.

Surely anyone who has been to Bayreuth must be only glad and honoured to do anything, that expresses his debt to the creator of "Parsifal" and the maker of the "Festspielhaus".

Bayreuth, July, 1894.

Recollections of Richard Wagner.

Under Italian skies, in the palace of the Bourbons, on the 13th of February, 1883, the German artist Richard Wagner closed his eyes. Between them and this world into which they had looked so penetratingly and unsparingly and yet so lovingly and with such real solace, there fell an eternal veil. Strange and profound and even terrible are the feelings that are stirred in the mind by the passing away of such a great spirit. At a blow a view of the universe disappears. A rush of heart's-blood has extinguished it in a moment. The complete conception of the world that existed in that one powerful intellect and was developed by that great life to its full expression is now shattered, like a mirror which, a moment ago reflected in its clear surface the whole range of reality, but now is in fragments in each of which the great picture is refracted in manifold and miniature portions. These fragments are like the poor, partial and incomplete views of the world which the mass

of men have, after a great spirit is gone. With such a death is lost for ever one real, complete view of things. That we cannot recover. We still see the noble and rare figures of a Tristan, a Wotan, a Parsifal; but they are no longer seen as they appeared to the glowing eye of genius. The dark veil of the grave has hidden from us a star of life, by which could be read life's nature and destiny.

In Wagner, of all men, how much was eye, was seeing, was vision! How distressed he was at the incapacity of men simply to "see"! Again and again he found men only calculating, speculating, reasoning in the gray fog of theory. "Have you eyes? Have you eyes?" he calls out to them with impatient interrogation. In one of his last letters to a faithful disciple is the following significant story that shows how deeply he saw and felt. "One hour of real vision has given me more knowledge than all philosophy or history or culture. That was on the closing day of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. On that day the schools were allowed to enter free. I was kept back at the exit of the building by the entrance of thousands of boys and girls, pupils of the Parisian schools. For an hour I stood there, looking at almost every one of this army of youth that represented a whole coming generation, and that hour's

experience so overwhelmed me that at last I burst into tears overcome by the depths of my feelings. This was noticed by a religieuse who was carefully leading in one of the processions of girls, and at the entrance-gate, she looked up for an instant. It was only an instant, too short for her under even more favourable conditions to understand my circumstances; but I had a sufficiently practised eye to read in the glance the indescribably beautiful sorrow that lay at the heart and her life. And this touched me the more as I had seen no other the least like her among all the countless ranks either of teachers or scholars. On the contrary everything had filled me with horror and pity. I saw almost all the vices of the cities of the world along with what was weak and unhealthy, rude and evil, dull and devoid of natural brightness, shy and awkward, and yet at the same time bold and bad. And the guides of it all were teachers, mostly of religious profession in the painfully elegant garb of the new-fashioned clerical, themselves too weak: severe and hard and yet more subservient than ruling. Without soul, all of them, except that one poor sister". There we have Wagner: the man, the writer, the artist. And the great thinker and teacher finishes with these words: "A long and profound silence fell upon me from the impression

produced by this intense sight. To see and to be silent: these are the elements of a true salvation of the world. It is only the man who speaks after such a silence who in the end will be heard". Surely it was after such vision and such silence that he himself spoke and shewed us the highest and deepest things of his genius. But these words were written at the end of his life, on the 31st of January, 1883. A fortnight later the seeing eye was closed for ever, and the last vision was followed by the eternal silence. The bright spirit had gone to that "night" of which in the dream-poem of his *Tristan* he had already had so wonderful a "love vision". He had not gone abroad: he had gone home—home to the "traulich-treue Tiefe", of which the Rhine-maidens, the sorrowing voices of nature, sang the praises so thrillingly. On the evening before his death he read aloud that beautiful German fable of the spirits of nature: the "Undine" of La Motte-Fouqué. For a long time he kept on talking till he lost himself in the world of phantasy in this popular romance, and at last rose, and, for the last time, went to the piano to express in music the closing words of the melancholy song of the Rhine-maidens: "Traulich und treu ist's nur in der Tiefe". "Yes, homely and true—only in the depths": he repeated the words softly to himself,

and thus he parted from his children and went to rest. Was it the depth of the grave and its trusty homeliness and eternal silence, that he had now to enter? No: another depth his life-long view of the world had opened to him. His Tristan may call it death, but he calls it love—the death of falsehood and untruth. From this depth of the power of love, everything that is new or eternally young and true must spring!

As the small circle of intimate friends stood round the new-made grave after the funeral, and the gloom of night grew deeper and the drizzling snow fell softly on the sombre poplar-trees and on the hard, dry ivy-leaves that lay on the stone which covered from us the precious property of nature, then it was indeed winter—cold, silent, desolate; but in the hearts of the lonely and the fatherless stirred forebodings of the secret that the words “earth to earth” too signify “from death to life”. Here the “hemiaten” of men touched each other: nature spoke in the quiet night of death and love her great word of comfort to her eternal sister, the human mind. It was indeed like a voice from the grave, for who has more powerfully and deeply aroused and strengthened and purified our energies of mind in these days of soul-impoverishing haste in the life

both of body and spirit, than Wagner and his art have done? From the deeps of the soul this man has arisen, in due time, to remind us of all that he brings us from that retreat of healing, of that highest healing of all the sufferings of the world which is to be found only in strength of spirit.

Into our modern world of the "Revolution", as everyone must admit, was poured a great flood of genius and sensibility that became eagerly occupied with itself, setting in motion powerful forces, and carrying out, with ability, great conceptions. The more sad is it that in these great movement of life, the nobler powers of the human mind suffered, and its best strength, the living spirit of the people, was often lost even in the very progress that was so much praised, which, while in many ways conspicuous and undeniably brilliant, still more and more surely developed into materialism and mechanism. In nothing was this more clearly shown than in the decay of the religious sense throughout the whole mind of the German nation. The call from lonely and serious-minded men for a new reformer, which is often heard in these times, shows the desolation of heart that does not know how to start from the simple fact that is infinitifly above all reformatory endeavours, — the possession of the doctrine of Christ himself.

He who has had the great happiness to have made the acquaintance of Wagner not only through his works and writings but also personally, knows that there was one among us who to some extent could begin thus. And if there is rising to stir among men a new longing for salvation, the ennobling and deepening effect of the art of Wagner for those who seriously give their minds to it, has its share in this. Had we all paid heed to his words we had been further than we are! It may be well to recall such words from the memory.

On the day after he had finished the composition of "Parsifal", Wagner, in discussing a new book written in the service of atheistic materialism, spoke as follows: "One ought to be ever grateful for having been brought up from one's childhood with religious traditions. They are not to be restored by anything from without. More and more the blessing of their profound significance becomes manifest. To know that there has been a Saviour remains the supreme good of men. To wish to throw all this aside at once, indicates an utter want of freedom, a slavery of spirit to insane demagogical influences, and in the end it is nothing but a braggardism". On another occasion he used of a clever literary critic of Christianity the happy expression: "he writes

of religion and Christ like a lower-form boy who has just been put into the upper form". But if he then pitied the man for his entire lack of appreciation of the inner spirit of the greatest, the only, who has come to us, on another occasion he bore to us who were allowed to listen to his talk, the following striking testimony: "It is very natural to ask why, since there have been so many martyrs and saints, should Jesus be considered the only Divine one among them? But all these holy men and women became so only by divine grace, through an experience of enlightenment and inward change that led them from being sinners to a superhuman position so that now they seem to us almost non-human. Even Buddha was a voluptuous prince with his harem till enlightenment came to him. It was morally great, it was sublime in him to resign all worldly delights; but it was not god-like. With Jesus, on the other hand there are from the very beginning perfect sinlessness and absence of passion. There is the most divine purity of nature, and yet this does not appear to us—as might be expected—merely something strange and almost non-human. This absolute divinity is entirely and really human, and as such appeals to us through common suffering and sympathy,—an unparalled appearance!" He ended with this me-

morable saying: "All others need the Saviour: He is the Saviour".

And now that since 1883 so many great and noble ones have passed away from us, the words come back to us with peculiar significance: "Once only and once for all has the veritable Divine broken through the human in perfect simplicity and purest beauty and has revealed to us the way of redemption. But that way leads to death; and Christ has shewn us the example how to "die beautifully" and the beautiful life that leads to it."

But to hear these words we must have the man himself, who now is no more, — the tones of his voice, his speaking eyes, his lively gestures, the impressive sternness and seriousness and the deep emotion that stirred his whole being at such times. When we try to retail from memory what he said, his "word" seems but piece-meal work, artificially constructed in conventional, bookish language. Especially does he who reports it feel painfully that it appears only as tinkling phrases instead of what it was—living truth. At these times, one could immediately see how to Wagner himself what he felt and saw became to him a living and altogether bodily reality. It was never only mere words. With the words, music sounded in the depths of the mind of the man that

spoke them; the very figure of the "hero" appeared before the eyes of the hearer. That this is now actually gone—this projection from the man's spirit of a picture of the world in his actual appearance—is surely cause for deepest mourning.

With this profound insight into the nature of Religion, might Wagner have become a Reformer?

Hardly of course in the estimation of those who seek such an one only in religious distress and who therefore think of the reformer only in connection with the religious side of their nature. Perhaps they may say it is profane and blasphemous that he, an artist, should present the great views of the world which he had gained through profound religious feeling, only in the symbolic form of art. This they call merely play and show: it is the theatre, comedy, amusement; in short, a frivolous thing. Here is one who would change all that, saying: Yes, alas, it is so; but it shall not be so! The place in which such great masters have, by the noblest inspirations of their genius, opened to us, in hours of sacred consecration, the kingdom of the mind is worthy, and is able, more than others, to bring to the people what is noble and moving, and to sing straight into their heart and soul and so stir the slumbering depths of the human mind in which lies the pure gold of

genuine faith in the Divine. When such an one comes and labours all his life for the ideal consecration of that most powerful but also most easily corrupting factor in popular life,—the theatre; when, by the hard experience of a whole life, he finds what is wordly and worthless in it that has existed and taken deep root in it for hundred of years, is not lightly, not even by means of the noblest works of art, to be driven out; and when he then dares to build a house of his own to be a retreat where worthy examples of a pure, independent form of artistic representation may be given: —when a German master does all this for the dramatic art of his nation, then these “serious people” stand aside as if this did not concern them but were only a theatrical concern, with no earnestness of purpose about it, and certainly not likely to lead to any real benefit to the spirit of the people. So you would make a church out of the theatre! and restore religion by means of art! To what lengths will this absurd self-conceit of the artistic faculty not go!

Nothing was further from Wagner than any such elevation of art over what is holy. For that very reason it was by means by the religious spirit that he sought, and sought successfully, to raise art above what is vulgar and impure, because only that spirit

was higher and the highest, and it art, with its most beautiful sensuous expressions, can only serve. He has often expressed himself on this subject. Here I recall only the following sentences. "It is easy in these days to apostrophise the church. On the political platform or in diplomatic intercourse, or in the press, which is the servant of them both, it is treated as the interests of each require, much as a commercial establishment of furniture. Now if we undertake to shew to the representatives of ecclesiastical interests that this irreverence which is thus exhibited, has a real connection with the shameful attitude that is adopted towards public art, then clearly we should be obliged, if only from self-respect, to adopt a more dignified tone. But we do not feel ourselves called on, for our present purpose, to touch on the proper sphere of the church, on religious dogma, but only on its outward form by which it appears on the surface of public life. But this outward form which expresses its deep content and which would influence the imagination of the laity, must submit itself to aesthetic laws; yet so far are we removed by the almost universal spirit of irreverence that we ourselves would not consider it fair to apply these laws immediately or assert their authority. At the same time we should like to stir up the representatives of the

ecclesiastical interest to consider this matter, by recalling some typical and historical examples. It was a wonderful time for the Roman Church when Michael Angelo decorated the walls of the Sixtine Chapel with the sublimest of paintings; how very different was the time when at great festivals these works were covered over with tawdry theatrical draperies. It was a wonderful time when a pope, influenced by the noble art of Palestrina, decided to maintain the study of music which, because of its increasing degradation, he had intended to banish for ever from the Church; but what is to be gained from the time when favourite opera airs and ballet-music responded to the "Credo" and the "Agnus". It was a better time when the Spanish Anto brought before the people by the stage the highest mysteries of the Christian faith in the form of dramatic allegory, than when from the capital of the world protector of the church, an opera was sent abroad in which (as in the "Hugenots") murderers and incendiaries in the sacred garb of the church chant their admittedly effective terzetts in the detestable jargon of priests.

"When we enter a theatre, we have before us, if only we will seriously look into it, a frightful and profound possibility either of the basest or the highest. In church the better self may summon itself to fervent

devotion: here in the theatre the whole man is set face to face with himself, with at once his lowest and his noblest feelings naked before him. It is with shrinking and fear that the greatest poets have approached this frightful abyss. They invented ingenious laws in order to banish the demon that is hidden there. The enchantress Music approached the abyss and poured heavenly balsam on the gaping wounds of humanity; here Mozart produced his masterpieces, and Beethoven longed to shew here, first of all, the powers of which he was conscious. But so soon as the great enchantress departs, then the furies of vulgarity, of the most debased lust, of the most revolting passions and the gnomes of degrading delights begin their dance in this abyss. And this pandemonium,—this terrible theatre—you leave to the management of mechanical routine! This theatre, from which, with just observation, the protestant clergy of the last century warned us as a snare of the devil, you turn away from to-day with contempt, while at the same time you lavish on it brilliance and splendour. If it is possible that, in our transmogrified modern life, a theatre might arise which should be in harmony with the inner spirit of its culture, as the Greek theatre was with the Greek religion, then art would again reach the source at which the Greek people were

nurtured; if this is not possible, then this regenerate art has ceased to be."

Wagner wrote these words as early as 1867. I have reported them at length, for the accusation to which they are an answer is very severe and widespread. Nowhere and never has Wagner confused art with the church; though, on the one hand, he desired for the church the noble embellishment of its services by means of elevated art, and, on the other, he sought to restore to the theatre the consecration and dignity of a pure artistic expression of the same spirit of culture which in the church manifests its inner content as religion under the form of worship. This form has in view neither sensuous splendour, nor interference by the spiritual with art. Of the incomparable value of the simple evangelical service which embraces all the possibilities of religious deepening, he spoke to us once grandly on the occasion of a communion. Sometimes perhaps superficial readers of his writings may be misled by some particularly elevated expression in them; but that is easily to be explained in this artist-writer by the earnestness and depth of his sense of the power and nobility of his task. But even if he at one time, because of all that music had meant for him in his own hard path of life, had spoken of it strongly, in

a passionate gratitude, as the "only redeeming art", yet later he found fault with his pupils very emphatically for using such words as "redeeming" and "Redemption" and especially "Redeemer" lightly and easily, as they would use any other words that denote only earthly things, even the noblest. The misuse of what is sacred and supreme was as distasteful to him as the exaggerative introduction of affected passion into quiet statements by informing words.

What from him, being the man that he was, had been forced only of the stern pressure of destiny on a great soul that made him seek as in distress for the noble and true, should never become a facile phrase on the lips of those whose life has been made easier through his art. So he disliked that a man, in supporting some good interest, should too often underline or italicize simple words as if he would harvrange the people and "convince by screaming." Even his own works, if he sometimes—it was seldom—spoke about them generally, he referred to only as "essays" and "sketches"; and then he spoke usually in a lower voice as if he would withdraw himself from the public: "As I with my poor powers have tried to put it," or, "whether my humble contribution endure or not." His work was not just his "works", his art; but what they aimed at, the 'whither' and

'wherefore' of what he did: the Ideal. Everything was for him material for the construction of the "Art of the future", which was to be not merely an artistic quality or artistic performance, but a life of art. "Do tell the people," he wrote to his friends when he composed the "Nibelungen", "that I do not work at the art of the future." He laboured not at art but for art. But we know what he has done and surely we have now the right to speak of something more than "essays" and "sketches". For us only that creation is reality which, in the mind of the creator has been an ideal above all reality.

Was this ideal one that could be realised? In 1867 he left this an open question, and in his last years he similarly expressed his view of the future and art: "It looks bad for our culture. Let us at least save what still remains there of the good and beautiful and noble; let us try to protect that like a flag in battle, and keep it pure as possible as a sanctuary. Perhaps it may still be saved like a disregarded jewel, amidst the universal ruin which seems finally impending; if not—well, it is at least something that in the great disaster goes down not only what is bad and utterly corrupt but also a little of the noblest inheritance of humanity". More and more did it seem to him that a dignified and heroic end of the

great and noble and beautiful was the highest we could reach by our efforts; but for that very reason, we should strenuously seek to preserve it to the supreme hour of death that it may still be influential through the memory of what it has been.

Just because of this, had he as an artist, so deep a desire for at least the possibility of a school that would preserve a worthy tradition in the classical representation of his great predecessors in musical art. It always seemed to him sadly significant in the German nature that it would allow itself to be influenced by such various kinds of music — good and bad — at the same time and with the same devotion and appetite. “It is incredible,” he once banteringly said, “how much the German considers beautiful if it is what he can hear with his season-ticket.” His own sensitiveness about the unreal and untrue, the semblance and mask, in any shape or from, was quite terrifying. We have too much lost this, to feel so strongly and deeply and be frightened about a judgment of some appearance of art. With Wagner this was a simple necessity, arising from his unhesitating, sure, strong and easily and profoundly offended feeling for truth, which would not permit a false show and a lie. Infinitely much was to be learned from him for the cultivation of

one's strength of judgment and sense of aesthetic rectitude.

Most beautifully was this feeling shown whenever he read aloud to us some masterpiece of poetry or played a piece on the piano, which he did always quite spontaneously. How much of what is beautiful and great amongst all that is offered to us in public, has really become, through the unresting, nightly life of ever-changing repertoires, only a particular number with a high place in the catalogue in the national library of literature and music! But now it is suddenly revived as a immediate and thrilling monument of the truth in the poetic mind of the people. And so it was with fervour that Wagner read the classical "Walpurgisnacht" from Goethe's "Faust", which by the general consciousness even of our cultured people is regarded as an unintelligible experiment on the part of a poet who was ageing, or as the production by a clever stage-manager of a piece of theatrical magic. But Wagner's rendering of these incredibly phantastic scenes verified his own remark that this was undoubtedly "the perfection of what is original and artistic" in Goethe's creations, and that certainly only a German could have created it—such a completely original revivication of antiquity, with perfect freedom of form and with such masterly

humour and yet at the same time with such ingenious vivacity of scene, and in language at once finely artistic and entirely popular. And in this way too he read Shakespeare to us — I still think with delight of the whole series of kingly dramas, of “Hamlet” and “Macbeth”. Of “Hamlet” he said it was the crown of the Renaissance: here from the stage was cast an inflexible look deep down into that miserable and demoralised world which all the arts of the renaissance could only artificially cover even with an attractive sheen, but which was a world in which the heroic was no longer possible but was the heritage only of the brutal soldier, Fortivilras. So too did he read Calderon, Cervantes, Alarcon, and Lope de Vega, the old northern sagas and the wise sayings of India; or again dear friends of Youth, E. T. A. Hoffmann, Tieck, Walter Scott, or honoured and valued later writers like Balzac, Carlyle, and Gottfried Keller. Things stood before us in their living truthfulness, and their peculiar significance found simple and unmistakeable expression, from the depth of his perception and in the light of his living view in a way that no amount of pathetic rhetoric nor any professional representation could have effected. Everything sprang from the fulness of his being and hit the mark. It lived in our imagination just as

Wagner himself described the works of Shakespeare as doing, as 'mimic improvisations of the highest poetic value'; and often a word, aptly thrown in from the depths of the reader's own consciousness brought more light than all these historical or literary or aesthetic explanations which are needed by people to whom these works are literature rather than life. Over and over again, with tears of artistic ecstasy, the master exclaimed over such scenes of Shakespeare, "What this man has seen! What he has seen!" — "He remains the absolutely incomparable! He is to be understood only as a miracle!" Especially when sometimes in particularly animated conversation he would suddenly give expression to his good spirits by taking up a light scene of a comedy, with which he recreated himself in the happiest way and with the most natural enthusiasm. It seemed as if the geniuses of the centuries were playing and joking with each other like children! And it was just this that made the nature of Wagner so remarkable and so attractive: in his colossal genius was the magnified being of a child. And never was this shown more charmingly and perfectly than when the everlastingly vexing, complaining, grumbling, taunting, irritating world—which daily was throwing wretched stones into the rich garden of his feelings — left him in peace, and he

was allowed blissful moments in the holy retreat of pure spiritual intercourse with the heroes of old—moments which were a blessing also to those who were allowed to listen to such intercourse.

This one may say: Wagner was always entirely Wagner, and then altogether grand, in his works and in himself,—one of the company of the men of genius of all times. In his life in the world he was forced to do battle against its wretched disorders; and when one thinks how many and great these were that lay in Wagner's path as he went on through life towards the ideal, then one must be the more astonished that he so thoroughly and entirely and wonderfully succeeded, through an energy the most remarkable that the history of art can shew, in reaching that profound consciousness, that plunging of himself in creative genius and that state of mind in which the very ideal verity in its richest forms of life came to light. But he who himself had once been drawn nearer to reality by the courage of confidence, felt how much liberalization often a look or a word could effect from a man whose spiritual eye looked unerringly into the heart of things and would and could estimate there only by the worth that was there. The countless consequences and interests and considerations and calculations and disappointments

with which the daily pressure of the world covers even the simple truthfulness of the mind,—they all disappeared together and a quite different picture of the world was set forth wherein many a thing that had passed as great and splendid appeared insignificant and bad, but wherein also much that had seemed small and poor appeared great and noble and significant. The dumb look of a faithful animal, the pitiful sight of some wretched human creature told this great contemplator of the world as much as did the most magnificent works of art and the most stirring adventures of history. For everything he had the same living interest and an unparalled and constantly creative sympathy.

This same wonderfully harmonious strength which opened for Wagner a vision into the nature of religion, which enabled him to regard the great events of history with a lofty feeling of pure humanity, which made it impossible for him to admit the sufferings of the animal creation to be a morally justifiable means of advancing science, and which enable him to enter into those ideal dreams of a regeneration of humanity in the harmony of its natural and moral life—this strength it was that also vivified the creations of the fine arts in all ages and gave them such significance to his spiritual eyes, and came to

life in his own creations in a complete picture of the world penetrated by the light of mental truth, and now as ideal reality came forward and announced itself to the world as art.

But Wagner's art-work is Music—musical drama. True, he has been reproached for having degraded music—a worthy reproach which sounds indeed strange when one thinks of the immense effect which this very Wagnerian music has had upon the public both of Germany and other countries—but sufficient: he has degraded it because in his publication “*Oper und Drama*” he declared that the error of opera has been that a means of expression, viz music, has been made the end. But this which has been so readily repeated and resisted, has a relative significance as it is there spoken only of a critic of operatic forms and of the particular question of means and ends. Besides the means of music we have the means of poetry, of action, of scenery and so on, which all together serve the ends of dramatic life, of the living dramatic work of art. But of all these, music alone has more signification than merely a means of artistic expression. It is also at the same time the substratum and source of life of the whole artistic representation. It is that which act of the inmost, creative, excited soul of

the artist, presses forward to find expression in picture and word. If one were to describe it shortly as "the sounding movement of the soul of things", one would be almost expressing what a natural hearer unconsciously feels from the influence of music and what he would call, carrying it over subjectively to his own consciousness, "the expression of his feelings". Wagner himself calls music in this sense a "second manifestation of the world, the inexpressible audible secret of existence". In the drama, this universal audible movement of music assumes new individualised shape after the likeness of the world; but now the world itself is entirely immersed in the region of the ideal reign of musical souls; it is no longer a real world but an ideal, and the language which the poet makes his characters speak is always the natural language of that other world. The pure poem still consists by means of the language of actual society: it must raise its voice to a higher tone to make plain that it tells of the things of the ideal world. Only a supreme genius, such as Goethe, is able—as Wagner once remarked—"to express with the most perfect naturalness of language the deep things of the human soul, and such language, figurative but entirely appropriate, may be described as "musical". But on the other hand, in the realm

of music, human words and figures find themselves at once uplifted with the appearance of their environment to a beautiful and free ideality. For music is the region of the life of the ideal freed from the material,—the artistically glorified creative power of the mind, and in the musical drama this finds its living artistic form.

An artistic reformation of culture could certainly thus most effectively proceed from music, and for that reason the reformer must be a German. What could fill us who are Germans with a greater pride than to say that this finest language of the ideal world, the language of music as the most finished art, is a German language. Music has attained its highest artistic developement in the German mind, which again has found its purest and freest expression in music. Hardly anyone has felt this more deeply or made more of it than Wagner.

Still do I remember his serious words in a conversation: "It was a very significant thing that I asked my mother for two-pence to buy music-paper to write out Lutzow's *Wild Hunt* by Weber so that I might possess it. That Germany possessed the music by Weber, that was its joy. Here the poor homeless German found his fatherland. When at school I heard the whole sad story of Saxon history

and had to ask myself, whither dost thou belong? and deeply depressed I looked without and discovered the existence of Weber's music. Then I knew where was my home and felt myself to be a German. That feeling has never left me."

How delightedly he recalled the deep and thrilling impression which had been made upon his mind as a boy in Dresden by the small fragile figure of the master as he passed the Wagners' house on his way to his opera-rehearsal, or, on one occasion, even came in to say something to Wagner's mother. Nothing so uplifted the imagination of the lively child as to see that same shy, much-recognised man in the theatre leading his orchestra like a general and to see the whole miraculous world of sound summoned into life. Wagner never forgot the enchanting, fascinating effect which that opening characteristic, and stirring clang of cymbals in the "Preciosa" overture made upon him in his early youth as he listened from a hidden corner of the theatre. Afterwards, when he was a poor half-starved young German musician in the midst of the brilliant and busy world of Paris, which had nothing to offer him but stones for bread, on hearing for the first time again the simple German strains of the country waltz, from the first act, he was so deeply moved that he burst

into tears. The feeling of home took possession of him and it never left him again. One of his last wishes, was, on returning from Venice in the spring of 1883, once more to conduct "Freischütz" at Munich. As is known, this had once been denied him at Vienna, because at the opera then foreign conductors were allowed to conduct only their one works, and even that was exceptional. What an entirely refreshing and instructive delight this would have been, one can understand by the quite astounding effect which had been produced in the same Vienna by the irresistible and inspired conducting of the "Freischütz" overture by Wagner.

Since the contemplated "School of Style", which promised such a constant succession of pleasures, was not carried out owing to the lack of national support, the personal friends of the master may value as a peculiarly high privilege that they were allowed at times to be present at those quite informal occasions when some classical work of music was played over on the piano at Wahnfried. I shall never forget how once there Mozart's "Figaro" became consciously living to me in all its perfect, inspired artistic originality. Though I had grown up with undoubted everence for Mozart, yet it is the fact that I first learned really to love him with intelligent apprehension

through the personal influence and instruction of Wagner. He never failed to point out, even in antiquated and foreign forms, what he called "the tender Mozartian genius of light and love", as an incomparable immortal expression of the noblest spirit of art and which was peculiarly wonderful and attractive to him because both of its pure truthfulness of soul and of the refined elegant sensitiveness that reigns over its sweet melodies. And even the peculiar artificial character of the Italian form of opera appeared to him to have in "Figaro" a certain ideal perfection and to be a characteristic reality of artistic life. Thus I remember his once happening to remark: "the conventional endings and interludes, which in the symphonies easily disturb us, are admirably adapted to the subject of "Figaro" to the noisy confusion of a light comedy of intrigue. This "Figaro" is something quite perfect in every respect. Everything is in harmony and even what is un noble becomes gracious, as in Xenophon's dialogue of Socrates and Theodota (this we had just read together), but", he concluded, "it must be exceptionally well performed, perhaps best by Italians."

Another time the conversation turned upon the old form of opera in general, without reference to any particular creative genius such as Mozart, and Wagner recalled with ironical pleasure how Semper

had once said to him that what pleased him to much in the opera was that all the passions moved as if acting in domino and mask. "This", he went on to say, "was the view of music suggested by the form which had hitherto characterised the plastic arts and poetry, which puts everything deep and strong and passionate in the same elegant moulds and arranges it into agreableness,—a view aided by the mathematical form of music and especially by the quadrature which reminds one of the Palladian architecture; 'this is all', as Faust says, 'only a play'. Then came Beethoven".

With this word again one needed to see the man. The look and the tone told with impressive distinctness how in his soul a new world opened up at the name of Beethoven. And indeed a new world did open up for Wagner when Beethoven entered into his life. As Weber had awakened in the boy's mind the spirit of music, so Beethoven was the first that gave conscious strength to the growing youth for his own artistic life and creative work; and in this new creative world this man Wagner even afterwards lived and worked with singular fidelity. This importance of Beethoven to Wagner was evident to anyone who was led into that new world himself by Wagner's conducting of any

work of Beethoven; and it was equally plain from every passing little word of the master, when, according to his dear old custom, he would often at home take in hand some of Beethoven's music, and in the most vivid way justify his own saying that "one could not speak of Beethoven without falling into an ecstasy." Once he called out after the rendering of the great Sonata 106: "What can one put alongside of that? With Shakespeare, everything is reality, a dreadful parable of life, true spectres of existence; and here, everything is idealized, pure glorification. But a thing of that kind can be conceived only for the piano. It is sheer nonsense to play it before the public". So he regarded these renderings as an intimate entrance into the content, as it were, of the work. In Beethoven's E flat major quartett—the Maestoso of which he advised "not to take too slow"—he saw the artist "deeply moved by some great thought: there, outside a lark is trilling, and everything is dispelled". To a lady who as she listened was touched to tears by an impressive passage, he comfortingly and softly, under the playing, said with a splendid look: "Child, he is already living again." Another time, after having had an overture by Spontini played to him, in which, not without pleasure he had broken in on

the Interlude with "Always military language: present arms!", he asked for, as ideal recreation, one of the Beethoven's last quartetts, and afterwards he said softly and with deep feeling: "One must count it the highest honour to be allowed to listen."

In a similar way he expressed himself about Bach in whose music, along with Beethoven's he steeped himself during his last years with particular sympathy. "Bach works only for himself: he never thinks of the public: only sometimes it is as if he played something to his wife. There one has a presentiment of the new age: it sticks as if it were locked up in him. But it is wrong to analyse in that way. He is perfect in himself, incomparable. Later the sense turns to what is external, specially through the Italian schools; the Sonata begins but it too leads again to the modern melody."

Here I should like to insert yet another remarkable utterance of Wagner which he also made about the performance of Italian and French overtures and against the frivolous slightness of Italian music: "the long drawn-out melody form of the Italian operatic composers, such as Cherubini and Spontini, could not have proceeded from German melodrama: it had to begin in Italy and in its ornately expressed thought it is like the Italian form of the Renaissance.

From this Auber, Boieldieu and I too have learned much. In the first act of "Lohengrin" much has its roots in Spontini more truly than in Weber. From Bellini too one may learn what melody is. The later ones are distinguished by poverty of melody, because they only confine themselves to certain predominating weaknesses of the Italian opera and do not at all care for the great predilections of the composers. Of course it is easier to abuse it than to learn from it."

A propos of Bach's music he expressed himself on the subject of the specifically German building up of themes: "Many of the themes of our masterpieces, even of Beethoven, appear, when looked at musically by themselves, quite unimportant. Yet here they can, through the characteristic language of instruments, be lifted to their full significance, as could perhaps be best shewn by associating them with definite words; for instance, in the world-renowned C minor symphony, by the words: "It must be done (Es muss geschehen)!" This would apply too to Bach's Fugue-themes, as has become specially clear to me when I saw the effect of his themes in the motetts by means of the words for singing that were beneath them. Certainly this idea is not to be carried straight through,

but still it is, I think, a true feeling that the great Masters have in these highest creations anticipated a language and expressed in sounds a kind of speech that is in their motives." Still, when once, at the memorable nightly rendering of Bach's "Wohltemperiertes Klavier", the appropriate thought was expressed in language, and Wagner's words as he added them to each Prelude and Fugue like poetical explanation of his immediate impressions, were so striking that the natural suggestion was made that these should be definitely fixed on like a book, he put away the proposals without hesitation saying that this would lead to unintelligent experiments with those masterpieces. Also, as a musician he was entirely charmed with the "intimate melodies" of the Preludes which one could never sing over, and in the highest admiration, used to call out: "This is something always new."

On one occasion, an older phrase of a quartett of Beethoven in which the formalism overbalanced the Genius, drew from him the expression: "That is still the cold music of the sonata type which requires the expertness of the virtuoso for the execution of the runs. How entirely different in this is Bach in his great pianoforte pieces, or in the "Wohltemperiertes Klavier": without any modern sentimentality, how

warm, how naturally strong, how sincere is his music, what remarkable calls resound there at times. But now let us hear the real Beethoven. The C sharp minor quartett—that is one of the greatest miracles in all music.”

After a rendering of the quartett on the piano, he came on to speak of the symphony: “The same Beethoven who in his quartett created the supremest art, the most profoundly spiritual work that is suited only for the most exclusive artistic appreciation, suddenly comes forth thoroughly popular before the whole of the people in his symphonies. There everything is *oratio directa*! One thinks only of his simple symphonic formation of themes up to the Ninth. But of that our modern musicians do not think who try to produce special effects by assuming all possible desires to please.”

With the “third B”, as he was then called, with Brahms, he was willing to be friendly and often he tried to have some of his works played before him. Yes, but there nothing could strike him or catch fire. To Wagner’s great musical feeling, there was something lacking in the forced impressions of lift and necessity in this pains-taking work. Sometimes he sighed: “I should be so happy if I could meet once again something great and real and true

in our music!" So he once (1873) greeted with sincere joy the thoroughly honest, true and bold symphony-music of another Viennese "B",—one that was never envious and ever touchingly faithful as a child—Anton Bruckner. The peculiar leading of a trumpet note had at once so struck him as a real symphonic effect that this trumpet became quite a feature of the to him valued person of the composer in his happy humorous way of goodnatured intercourse with people. "Bruckner, the trumpet": that was too the last call after he had accepted gladly at the request of the worshipper, the dedication of the D minor Symphony (Nr. 3) which came with such a delightful surprise, and at the same time said to the modest artist to his never to be forgotten happiness, "Dear friend, it's all right about the dedication, you give me exceptionally great pleasure with your work." Such 'pleasure' there were few enough who gave him! But that despite all his unhappiness in his surroundings, his spirits still kept up shews the energy of the man, that after a trial with a modern symphony would call out: "Yes, if Brahms's music were as beautiful as Beethoven's then he too would be a great composer!" It could only sound unbeautiful through the academic mask to the great artist of truth who everywhere listened for the 'singing' of the musical soul.

But of all the devices adopted by modern composers of symphony none seemed to him more artificial than the dramatic. Thus he said: "It is wonderful how distinctly Beethoven after having so boldly attempted to break off from his ordinary, symphonic form, later on, especially in the Seventh and Eighth symphonies, so completely goes back to the original form of dance, to leave which is always a very dubious thing to do. If someone composes to-day a dramatic symphony, that is an absurdity. If a Mazeppa or a Dante is at the top of a symphonic composition, then one can think of something: but a 'dramatic symphony' means nothing, and is the very antithesis of all real symphonic composition. If only the newer writers of symphonies had learnt from Beethoven to keep within moderation and to move with a more determined fundamental form so as to remain intelligible! My position was quite different. By it I could express the most terrible things because I had my drama which explains everything at any moment. But now people have learned from me the free dramatic style, and in it write symphonies without drama, and therefore without clearness."

"I am reactionist in the matter of instrumental music as far back as Beethoven", he declared and

added further: "but, in the dramatic parts of my compositions too, I seek forms that are traceable and comprehensible and avoid the hard passages which our moderns, misled by such ingenious composers as Liszt and Berlioz, so readily offer as if on a salver to astonish one. 'What a remarkable chord!' 'What an incomprehensible, unheard of modulation!' and so on. It is not good", he added, "if some conceits in extraordinarily elaborated figures for the middle voice or tenors grew into a habit. With my 'Parsifal' I am also going to keep the instrumentation simple." He pointed out how for example the "Waldweben" in "Siegfried" had had to be kept strictly to the simplicity of nature, while "Parsifal" had to be kept to the simplicity of the holy, wherein certain modulations and intervals, pathetic harmonies and touching melodies could not enter. Some airs at the blessing of the communion in the Vorspiel were yet to be altered because a foreign spirit sounded in them.

Of the musical aftergrowth which composed on the lines of his dramatic method but without his intelligence, he said: "if some one lays before me a newly-composed opera in partitur and asks for a criticism on it, one can tell nothing from that. We are now so far advanced in the arts of harmony

and the instrumentation and the general form of modern composition that one may be sure beforehand that there will not be any special roughnesses or blunders to stumble over. But I ask for the libretto: thereby I know whether the man has the sense for dramatic poetry, and after that can quite well learn by looking on whether he has talent for dramatic music if he succeeds in finding the proper musical expression for his text—a thing that indeed rarely is the case.”

Sometimes he put before us an example of a thoughtful and moderate noble artistic figure as a contrast to the modern strivers after effect who, instead of using clear forms, work only with surprises, bringing out no thought in it but hiding their programme behind their music, write on only more and more obscurely. That example was Mendelssohn, whose Hebridean overture he was specially fond of having played to him. In the “Bayreuther Blätter” too he once had a beautiful memorial of him. Just as once in Dresden, Weber’s widow had thanked him with tears because from him first she had heard again her husband’s works given in his spirit, so the greatest worshippers of Mendelssohn in London admitted frankly in 1855 that they had never before heard the Hebridean overture and

understood it so clearly as under his directions. "Mendelssohn", he once himself said to us, "was a landscape painter of the first-class and his Hebrides overture is his masterpiece. Everything there is wonderfully spiritual, nobly felt and most artistically given forth. The passage where the haut-boys alone rise to the height through the other instruments complaining like the wind over the waves of the sea is wonderfully beautiful". Also "Meeresstille" and "Glückliche Fahrt" are beautiful and I am very fond of the first passage of the Scotch A minor symphony. No one will object to a composer's using national themes, especially when he uses them as artistically as Mendelssohn. His second themes, his adagios where the human element has to come in, are certainly much weaker. As to the overture to the "Midsummer Nights Dream" one must consider that it was a boy of fifteen that wrote it, and already how perfect in form everything is, even if it be still far from the concise expression and noble sentiment of the "Hebridean": besides the main theme seems to me to have been got ahold of wrong: these are not fairies, but rather gnats. But how ignorant I seemed to myself when as a young man only four years less than Mendelssohn, I began laboriously to exercise myself at music, while he was already

quite a finished musician, and in society too, and could put the others in his pocket. At that time I knew nothing better than to imitate him,—a thing I since have very thoroughly unlearned.” This evil which affected the German musical spirit from Mendelssohn, Wagner saw—that instead of remaining an original characteristic specialist in true landscape-painting, as Schubert in the German Lied and Löwe in the ballad, he was associated with a certain type in all departments, and that the type of the effeminate and decorative—the providing as he himself expressed it, “a more modern recreation in music which was frightened by Beethoven.” “But still”, he said, “Mendelssohn had with this all talent which was wantly to his imitators, who only spoiled their talents though it.”

Such talent, full of life, inexhaustible, natural, of its kind really German, in its expression thoroughly honest—that was to him the talent of Carl Löwe as a master of ballads. He sang to us himself Löwe’s ballads with delight, with inimitable expression, especially the dreadful “Edward”, the fantastic “Elvershöh”, and she rarely-heard demoniacal revel of the “Walpurgisnacht”. How there out of the simple tune of Nature, the musically inspirited expression of language grew with stronger accents till it reached

touching and trembling pathos, and this without exaggerated emotion and rhetoric—this was a vivid proof of the originality and strength of the German language, closely allied to that one which Wagner has given us in his own dramatic works. In the pure lyric too he found sincere satisfaction when it sprang out true and warm from a German soul without losing itself in weak sentimentality which was foreign to no one more than to him. Specially did he always value the songs of Robert Franz, which lay on his grand piano while he was composing the “Nibelungen”. One of his favourite songs was Schuberts. “Sei mir gegrüsst”, which at the end in Italy he had sung to him and listened to with deep emotion.

Wagner has been emphatically represented as an opponent of Schumann. But that is to misrepresent the case almost absurdly. One cannot talk of an opposition between a dramatic and a lyric poet. But what is ever to be deplored is the sad fact that from the first, the votaries of Schumann were the strongest and blindest opponents of Wagner and have remained so. Whoever faithfully followed him had to submit to be called from the other side morally lost; for here then was seen in Wagner—an dit was also sometimes expressed—nothing less than personal evil. When the love of Wagner’s

works began these opponents tried by every means in their power to stifle it in time in the sphere of education, in society, in the practice of art, and through their party critics. Wagner on the other hand did all justice to the real artist Schumann himself,—ever ready to acknowledge and love the real. If, true, he could not learn from him much that was new or special, yet Wagner rejoiced in his musical nobleness and skilful passages, especially in the earlier pianoforte works and songs, and valued more than any “Mendelssohnian” of his time, his real talent, his honest earnestness, his German originality where these to the benefit of art kept within the limits which surrounded such a charming house-garden. How different from the open and insulting hostility of his opponents sounded from his lips in a friendly evening chat, the cheerful, good-natured remark: “Schumann is really a dear, good, German fellow with a considerable gift for greatness: but they have miserably spoilt him.” In his writings (VIII, 317) he expressly called Schumann “the most gifted and thoughtful musician since Beethoven.” That Schumann had once been in close alliance with Mendelssohn, that he had been unable to discover any proofs of his endowments in “Tannhäuser”, and that in his otherwise very respectable endeavour to

advance the new German music opposed to Wagner he had been quite cool and reserved and even, in many a sharp critical expression, distinctly unjust—all that the greater man and artist bore no grudge for. He had become used to it from his contemporaries and fellow-artists! But what could not be assented to that one striking appearance contrary to its nature and tendency, should be made an emblem by a party, not exclusively German, that considered itself called to depend what was “noble” and “true” in German music especially against hurtful demons and the secret poison of the Wagnerian art. It did not perturb him (as it did his disciples for his sake) that his own music might suffer under it, but he was deeply anxious lest his nature which seemed called to the greatest things, should be frightened back to its old dreaming corner and there lose its whole life, which he himself in all his creative work had sought to open out to great and broad possibilities. Ah, if this were all the “German nature”—sweet fancy and ethereal delicacy, which often enough with us Germans enters in at the cost of strength of outward form and thus of the artistic—and not also, what Wagner has given us again, pride and force, native strength and form, victorious gaiety and tragic nobility, inexhaustible

resource and grand form,—then we could only bow ourselves in the dust before every Romanish and Slavonic power because of our mere Germanity! Then should we have “no heroes” any more: and “only heroes can be of use to us”. That is the meaning of Wotan and of Wagner.

Just such a “hero” whom his own “heroic” nature hailed with utmost reverence, was Beethoven. Having mentioned this master again, I should like to refer to another significant anecdote, which Wagner told with vivacious humour, after a Mendelssohn and a Beethoven Symphony had been played on the piano the one after the other. “Mendelssohn’s landscapepainting”, he remarked, “is always as if it were covered with an elegiac mourning tone, which always suggests to me Bendemann’s “Mourning Zeus”. That reminds me of a strange concert in the opera-house in Dresden, in the year 1848, in the middle of the time of the Revolution. The king and court were in low spirits and the whole place was oppressed with the dull weight of a foreboding of imminent peril and revolution. Moreover it was a most melancholy programme. In the first place Mendelssohn’s Scotch Symphony, then a song “De Profundis”, and so it went on—only at the end was Beethoven’s C minor Symphony.

The atmosphere in the hall got more and more depressing, and at last, quite terrified, I asked the nearest musician from my desk: "Heavens, what shall we do, what shall we do with this dreadful programme?" Then the violinist Lipinski whispered up to me: "Only wait, at the first stroke of the C minor it will be all right!" And he was right: the symphony begins; what applause and excitement, all the gloom dispersed, "Lebehochs" from the king and how relieved the jubilant crowd left the house! "This" —he concluded— "is the unutterable in this art!"

Some of this "unutterableness" which Wagner admired more than anything else in Beethoven, everyone who unprejudicedly approaches his works and his person must assign to himself. Now after about fifty years people have come to be accustomed to considering the works thus, so much so that now-a-days one would be rather afraid to say, as was said twenty years ago, that they are unintelligible or at least "unsingable". But otherwise is it still with the person of their creator. The German has never quite been able to stand having to see the greatest personalities arise out of the midst of the people. He has always wished to have them small, and yet at the same time demanded the right to use them

with all German pride which the existence of such genius justified. If in the preceeding pages, I have tried to make the person of Wagner a little more vivid and clear by giving some single sentences I have myself heard, I have at the same time pointed out the difficulty I had in trying to do so. But apart from that, from the "unutterableness" of personality in itself, there is this also, that we who tell and hear of it measure it with our own, ill-adapted scale. Great men carry their own measure in themselves. But we are only too much inclined and even compelled to measure them by our own scale which is nowhere sufficient. And thus what we first take hold of in them before everything else is what reminds us of our ourselves. But that is not the great, the inspired, the heroic; rather is it the small, the accidental, the so-called "human". Indeed this will the more strike us in the case of the great, and will make a special impression upon us, because before we had formed from their works an ideal image of them. But that image is just the true one. For in his works precisely that enters which makes the man great, which is most inward and formative in his being, and which we find most difficult to understand where we come before him. Not because he then shews himself "only as a man", but because we

then estimate him only as a man, and have intercourse with him only as a man, and involuntarily regard him as one like ourselves while expecting that he should treat us as one like himself. Wagner once cried for "whole men or none!—no half-men who draw us down while we cannot draw them up". And, as Carlyle has taught us, if no great man is an hero to his valet, so much the worse for the valet. Before his works we are in the rightful attitude of looking up and worshipping. The best in human nature, the noblest in ourselves becomes clear then to the ideal. We are "pure subjects of perception" as the philosopher would say. It is otherwise when we are before the person. Then the "will" speaks, and with the will all the opinions of the "I" and "thou".

It is certainly a wonderful moment when we look into the face of the great. We feel ourselves raised to a quite peculiar exaltation, to an intenser degree of existence. But while all life is thus to us focussed to a moment, we see the great one only in this one moment and that in relation to us, to the poor me with my false scale of measurement. Nothing harmonises here. Misunderstandings are almost inevitable. Entirely unselfish devotion is now, as a matter of fact, the rarest thing in the world. And therein lies part of the tragedy of greatness. We are

not able in such moments—to us wonderful, absorbing moments—to realize to ourselves the man who is standing before us—that is, how much not only power, but suffering and experience are possible only to him. The work of art can tell us that in a moment as it concentrates what is eternal in a symbol. But the living man does not so tell it to men. Too loud the moment speaks to us, beings of a moment. If everyone who meets with the great asked himself, in every moment of the intercourse, what of life and suffering, of striving and battling, of depth of determining or resigning, of hoping and disappointment is just now touched by this small individuality that crosses the powerful stream of this life—crosses it with the assumption that the event will be regarded with the importance which it has to himself: if everyone represented this to his mind, then there would be no one “disappointed” or “hurt” or “undervalued” by the great man, and no hasty verdicts from personal experience against even his whole personality, which lead at last, as the only escape from the self-made difficulty, to the declaration that we must distinguish between person and thing, character and artist. But if anything can help to cast light on the personality of a great man it is even more the knowledge that all his works and all

that in his works as art moves us so profoundly, has sprung just from the depths of his own human nature and is the expression of his personality, and could not possibly have come from any other "I". "The poem of my life, everything I am and feel" — so he himself described his "Nibelungen". An artist from whom one could separate the man, could never have created such works. His works would have been artificial,—not "works of art" which are always "works of men" in the highest sense of the word. But still the fact is so: a man recognises himself in all his great abilities and possibilities, good and bad, in the works and character of the great artist; but he reveals himself in all his small qualities in his intercourse with the great man. Only he who never separates man and artist, will understand both.

And if we on the one hand, want, before all else, never to forget the great artist in the great man. so, on the other hand all his life through he has a great want and longing, namely, to know that he—the famous or heresy-hunted artist—is at the same time understood and loved as a man by warm hearts of men. One has earlier wondered at an occasional utterance of Wagner: "only the friends who love the artist are able to understand him". Though Goethe had taught us that only if one loved him could one

learn from him, still one hastily concluded that Wagner required blind fanaticism for his works. But he was not speaking of fanatics or of his works, but of souls of men. He himself added: "I declare once and for all that when I speak of 'understanding me' or 'not understanding me', this is never in the sense as if I perhaps meant that I was too lofty or too deep or too high soaring; but I ask this one thing of whoever would understand me, to see me as I really am and not otherwise, and to regard as essential in my artistic communication only that which, according to my own aims and powers of expression, is manifested in them by myself." He spoke of the "understanding of feeling" which he himself alone regarded. He spoke of himself as a man whose whole being sought to express itself in his works, and of his friends as able to really understand this source of his creations only when they felt in full sympathy with the man. We should all make at once the same demand whenever we appeal for friendship towards ourselves or our work. And finally we should all be enabled to gain the best understanding of Wagner as a man if we had occasion to observe himself as a friend among his friends. But such an occasion is fully offered in the correspondence of Wagner with his great friend

Liszt and the letters to his old friends in Dresden. These "Recollections", without any comparison being set up, may here speak further for me of Wagner as a man*.

When we hear Wagner, the lonely, speaking from the depths of his heart, it is a calling for men and for friendship that we hear. Now it is a voice of firm and happy conviction: "the friendship of men I have always looked on as the noblest and grandest of conditions: it is elevating to have a friend, but still more to be a friend". Now it is a call to the most noble but far off friend out of despair and longing and the agony of desertion: "Ah dearest dearest, only Franz! Give me a heart, a spirit, a womanly mind in which I could wholly plunge myself and which would take hold of me entirely! How little then should I need from the world, how immaterial would seem to me all this idle prattle which, lately, in despair, for the sake of its vain diversion, I felt myself constrained to have around me! But I talk on at random". Wagner ended with this outcry

* Briefwechsel zwischen Wagner und Liszt. 2 Bände. Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig. — 'Richard Wagner's Briefe an Theodor Uhlig, Wilhelm Fischer und Ferdinand Heine.' Ibid. — Permission to print the foregoing extracts from these works has been kindly given by the publisher to the author.

from the period of the "Rheingold". "Reprimand me as I deserve it: of me nevertheless will never become anything but a fantastic ragamuffin!"

Whoever would understand Wagner as a man, must first of all represent to himself the great being and the exhaustless needs of an artistic spirit such as his. "Are you still deeply desirous to live on among the majestic nation of the philistines?" he asks Liszt, and continues: "ah, if only we have imagination, then we can live on if we must". At that time his little Dresden parrot, his "spiritus familiaris" had died, and he wrote immediately to Dresden. "For those of you who laugh at me, I should write a book about what such a little creature can be to a man who in everything is left only to his own imagination." Even in the love of the great man for animals appears one side of his artistic fancy*. Here is a dear, faithful creature, living its own limited existence outside of us, almost like a friend, and at the same time the imagination of man raises in it a soulful life, as in an artistic personification. So the strength of the artist, which could otherwise create only pictures of men, combines with

* Vide 'Richard Wagner und die Tierwelt', by H. von Wolzogen: Leipzig, Hartung & Son.

the satisfaction of the strong, human desire for living, sympathizing souls. The need not only of stimulus, but also of communication drives the man of great artistic fancy again and again towards other sentient beings. While but a youth, Wagner, longing with his overfilled soul for communication with another, used to kindle his vivid fancy by the appearance and conduct of some man at any accidental moment. He took him up impetuously as his known friend, disclosed his heart glowingly to him, and then had suddenly to recognise that nothing entered deep and that everything was misunderstood, and, trying there-upon labouriously to save still what might be saved, made matters worse and more distressing, so that at last, when the person laid claims of friendship upon him, he had to break off abruptly to save himself from the falsehood of his position. And moreover, it was not only that his exaggerating imagination saw in the other more than was really in him or sometimes might take an accidental and unimportant utterance as a proof of bad will or evil nature. On the point, a letter of 1858 to Liszt gives us some remarkable words: "In travelling, in the carriage &c., my look invariably and involuntarily tried to read in the eyes of those I met whether they were able and destined for the saving and overcoming of the world.

I involuntarily carried my God to the soul of the other; and the result of an acquaintance usually was an increasingly painful disappointment and the, often heated, turning away from and giving up of the person concerned." Could this person have a presentiment that he had fallen a victim to a noble fancy, which out of the region of imagination, laid hold of that of Religion and Metaphysic? Often it was only the heart, the good heart, that misled the great man. When a hard word, like thunder and lightning, would have cleared the atmosphere, he was perhaps afraid of hurting the friend that trusted him and was silent, and so entangled himself in that which to him appeared most dreadful — a false position, to the injury of the one and his own gnawing distress of mind; till at last the fogs had to be rent asunder, and then the very excess of goodness in its consequences of cruel hardness might seem an "ingratitude".

Ah, this idea of gratitude and ingratitude! How easily is it caricatured at the crossings of the paths of life of the great and the small. True indeed here is the jesting word which Wagner once threw out in conversation: "When I am in direst need of a thaler and someone gives me a grosch, he then requires for it my eternal gratitude!" How often had he to

refuse to put himself in everlasting chains, not only because he had not got the thaler, but because he had accepted the grosch! To a Liszt he could thus call in his first, hard time of exile to let the wife that was left behind come after him to Switzerland: "See, I depend on no home but I depend on this good, faithful woman to whom I have brought hardly anything but grief, who is weighed with anxiety and has nothing to uplift her, and yet feels herself forever bound to me, ill-bred devil. Give her to me, and then you will give me everything you could wish me, and see—I should be grateful to you for it, yes grateful!" But another time: "I do not thank you because thus you can only thank yourself and that by the joy of being what you are". And again, after a thousand expressions of gratitude: "Here the word 'thank' ceases to have meaning".

But this was just Liszt: "Franciscus the only," "who, like a giant heart, meets me", to whom Wagner, at the time of the "Walküre" wrote: "You have opened to me for the first and only time the bliss of being perfectly understood. See, in you I have entirely lost myself: not a fibril, not even a soft stirring of heart is left that you have not felt too. But now I see that only this is really to be understood in the face of entire misapprehension and unhappy mistake.

What do I still wish for after having lived to see this?" And further on: "The world is bad, bad to the bottom; only the heart of a friend can redeem it from its curse. But so we do not respect it or indeed anything that looks like honour or glory or however the folly may be called. It belongs to Alberich, to none other. Away with it! Enough: now you know my humour; it is no froth, but is firm and solid as a diamond. Only it gives me strength to drag the burden of life a little further. But henceforth I must be inexorable in it. I hate every sham with a deadly hatred. I shall no longer hope for that is self delusion. But—I shall work. You will have my partition. That is enough. I am at the second act of the 'Walküre': Wotan and Fricka. As you see I must succeed in that."

It is out of such sufferings which could express themselves only in love, that the tragedy of the "Walküre" has sprung. That we must keep in mind. And so we may observe the ennobling power which genuine art has over everything. We see how there this "world"—so despised for its smallness of humanity—admits the exalted greatness of artistic forms: Wotan and Fricka. So the artist was "inexorably" great in his creating: he not only had the ideal in himself but had power to realize it, banished from

home in utter loneliness of spirit and heart, struggling from day to day with the cares of life experiencing from without hardly anything but the old chatter, triviality, misunderstanding, and the low demands of a never too "revolutionising" commonplaceness—in all which only one was of equal birth with himself: Liszt the Friend.

Wherein consisted the uniqueness of this friendship? Were there not a sufficient number of distinguished men even in Wagner's Swiss exile, and very famous men, who to-day are much to us and for whose society we should have given a great deal? Could not they be more to him than this poor world that belonged to Alberich? Yes, if the spirit were only the talent! But just those who were of keen spirit and gifted, but not attaining to great genius, walked beside him reserved and absorbed in their own interests and assumptions and endeavours, in the smaller circle of their talents,—here the professor of aesthetic, here the novelist, here the philologist and so on. They were not able to understand the greater man than themselves and his greater will as man. His appearance provoked them to contradiction of his views, and therewith they contradicted not these only but at the same time his inmost being. The poet

Herwegh was the only one who, sympathetically, captivated, went with him as a friend; but only too willingly so that, as he acknowledged, his own vigour declined into inactivity. "St. George is still lazy, but he shall work" are words used of him in one of Wagner's letters. But there was too that highly gifted spirit — the witty unpolished Swabian Friedrich Vischer: "the thoroughly well disposed fair Germanian" as Wagner describes him. When Wagner read the "Walküre" aloud, he felt that he was "too somebody". Once in an animated circle — this was not told us by Wagner, but it is authentic from the other side — the suffering heart of the artist opened up among the professors and he commented on, with the whole force of his personality, the deplorable Germany of those days of confederate meetings with some strong words out of the depths of his sympathy, not in the satiric Parisian "gamin" manner of Heinrich Heine, but in that mood which in Wagner's "Königslied" of the year of victory, 1870 says: "I might bury many a pain that long had gnawed my heart, when I looked upon the gnawing pains of Germany." Whereupon a wise professor, with all his philosophy understood the man and his life and his pain so little who thus so strongly expressed himself, that he suddenly felt himself called on as representing Germany to take offence and go off, for he

could not stay to listen to the fatherland being abused. Well, only a frothy patriotism which in the end can be explained and certainly pardoned. And surely he might have later, with his humourous disposition looked differently on the whole thing even if he had not understood the man Wagner. But alas no. So far as is known, he remained his injured opponent and never had a good word for him. So little of greatness could even not small man shew!

Now we can better understand that complaint of Wagner which surely gives one a deep look into his soul. "What persons like us suffer in intercourse with miscellaneous and to us entirely strange people and the troubles and agonies that arise from this, no one else can feel or even come near to feeling. These torments are the greater because no one conceives of them. Those people furthest removed from us really believe that we are just the same as they are, because they understand only just as much about us as we have in common with them, but they do not realize how small a part often this is." Yes: "persons like us"; perhaps that sounds very proud. And we do not like people to be proud even if they have a right to be. But thank God there still are such pride and such proud ones given to us. What is this pride based on? Certainly not on that of

which the mass of men would be proud—upon greater talent, or even success, fame, which is,—how often!—nothing else than a commercial superiority; but upon that from which capability and the whole of art could spring so commandingly from the first—upon this superiority, this ocean of capacity for feeling and suffering in the imagination of the heart, which is in very deed what is called “genius”. And this is the human.

It was first this and this only that united Wagner with Liszt in so unique a friendship and entitled him to speak of “people like us”, and to mention Liszt and himself with pride and joy in one breath; and even if the great Franz had never touched one tangent, never created his “Dante”, this Liszt has saved Wagner for us by recognising the genius of the creator of “Lohengrin”, and by holding him above water with the necessary metal of the “Nibelung” when only he could. That was only the externals of saving him. “I renounce fame”, wrote Wagner to him, “and especially the insane spectre of posthumous fame because I love men far too much to condemn them, in the love of my praise in thoughts which find solace in the posthumous fame of the dead. Only the desire to cheer my friends still induces me to artistic crea-

tions". Yet the distinctive spiritual qualities of Wagner and of Liszt seem to be infinitely far removed from each other. "You are a European child of the world, while I enter the world a distinct German": so Wagner put it himself. And, earlier he wrote about Liszt thus to his Dresden friends: "In my opinion, he does not understand me; my behaviour is entirely the opposite of his. Yet he appreciates me in everything I think and do, keeps back most carefully everything which in any way could hurt me, seems with all his soul to devote himself to the one aim of being useful to me". It was not in the usefulness, but in the devotion that the infinite value lay. They both acknowledged in each other the constraining law of life that one must live for an end. Liszt understood the suffering in Wagner's life, "felt his throbbing heart". Wagner said again about himself and Liszt and about the piety of the friend: "Well, how we suffer: we must despair without a faith in another life. I too believe in another life, even if it is above my life; yet it is not above what I can feel and think and comprehend and grasp because I believe in men. Now I ask you: who more deeply in the bottom of his heart shares my faith more than you—you who believe in me, who know and have verified love

as hardly anyone has yet practised it and tested it? See that you realize your faith every moment of your life. I know deeply and inwardly what you believe and shall I mock at the form in which such a miracle expresses itself? Really I should be less artist than I am not to understand you with delight." Here the man understood the artist and the artist the man. It was like a prophetic dream of the humanity of the future which should have to Wagner no uncharitableness, of the isles of the blest, which became a real dream to him in the last year of his life, lying across the ocean in radiant sunlight and inviting his yearning to eternal peace.

But it did not need only excess of artistic fancy or human nature to bring near to Wagner the blissful world that is without "uncharitableness". We must not let the great appearance of Liszt's friendship make us fall into this mistake. Everywhere too in the modest circle of common, homely intimacy, where the great men were surrounded only by real, unlimited love, without disturbing irritations from foreign sources, where he struck "sound instincts and feeling hearts" such as he only wished to create for—there he felt, well, really

man, and there he was that infinitely aimiable and considerate friend whose genius had root not only in the imagination but in the heart. There we recognise the true Wagner; and also, where no "giant-heart" meets him—where he longingly represents to himself that loving, homely circle, in fancy from the distance. From this sympathetic position, we can see through those letters from the Swiss exile to his Dresden friends of whom he thus writes (1847): "the small band of my Dresden friends gives me infinite joy. How far above all differences of character, of ability, of lines of life, of views reaches the one sure feeling of love, which all our society is at pains to root up. It makes me happy, and it makes me love not these only but all men, when even the roughest fellow gives me a greeting—so my wife tells me. Greet my friends from the bottom of my heart". These letters have even yet been too little read; yet they would bring Wagner far nearer to men's hearts than a thousand pamphlets and all the papers in the world. Already they do so in being addressed to persons essential nearer to us; and at the same time they form the quiet supplement to the stirring and quite intellectual correspondance between Wagner and Liszt. There the predominant note is the expression of a super-

human pain, like the first growths from a higher world; here we find, in simple, human communication, all the wealth of innocent hearty humour which was so characteristic of Wagner if only his mood were such as permitted him to joke to his hearts content. These good people in Dresden kept him in such a mood even in the darkest days.

Pre-eminent was there also a "fair German", the sensitive and warm-hearted Theodor Uhlig—the ever calm and restful and steady-working "chamber-musician"—whom Wagner addresses in that hearty tone, and that impulsive humour which, in his personal communications even to the last, we learned to know and love as his most characteristic manner. "Uli, Uli, fair man!"—"You dear, good man!"—or "oh you wicked man, homo malus!"—and "oh you man, homo terribilis!" Once he says: Uhlig, Uhlig, you are a devil. You have kept me waiting an age for a letter. Meanwhile I have finished the "Walküre". Again: "Man, man, man, do get a Hafis. This Persian is the greatest poet who ever lived and wrote poetry. If you do not get it instantly, I shall despise you utterly. Put it down to the 'Tannhauser' expenses". Uhlig obtained for Wagner while in exile his pianoforte score, the necessary communications with the theatres, and wrote conferences in Brendels

journal which can still be read. What he did gave Wagner sincere pleasures and he was liberal in the expression of his thanks. He was most solicitous about Uhlig's health and was always given him urgent advice. "It your eldest boy well again? What the devil is always wrong with the children? I suppose you have got quite thin again. You will soon be able again to wear the apostolic costume and walk with me at twelve now beside the water and among the flower". For Uhlig, was at that time, like Wagner, a great "Waterman", Alas he could not follow the repeated advice of his friend to go off to him to Switzerland that he might entirely recover. Too early, in 1853, death carried him away. "May you have earned your rest: this is, more than any other, the heartfelt wish of your Richard Wagner",—so ends the last letter.

There was too Wilhelm Fischer, the elder, the mature, practically-artistic, serious, solid and diligent chorus-director of the Dresden theatre. He it was who had been the first to find an entrance then for the composer of "Rienzi"—a thing the composer never forgot about him. "Most beloved brother Fisher" we have in one place; or again "you most admirable man, brother, friend, chorus-director and transcriber", or "my good, fatherly brother, — this

from Venice in 1858 at the period of "Tristan", and ending thus: "how are your papa and mama in the Oberseegasse? If I could only once see you all again" (after a ten years separation). "I am in need of such a strengthening of heart." And not much earlier: "It is not easily comprehensible how you come to take so much trouble about a trumpery thing (Lohengrin) and especially about me. Anyone else than you would have lost patience before this. God grant I may yet be able to thank you for your faithful, touching and helpful friendship in this, as I often do thank you in my heart when my thoughts are with you. How often we, Minna and I, speak of our good old friends, Fischer and Heine; and then we always go back to the first days of our arrival in Dresden, where we suddenly found good, the best, friends. That is the most refreshing recollection I have of the Rienzi time. That now this love should have been maintained so long, and through the separation, is certainly one of the most beautiful experiences of my life. Warmest greetings to Heine and you."

There we have already the third — Heine; but not Heinrich, Henry or Harry, but Ferdinand or "Nante", Wagner's old Heimmännel — the honest, good natured, clever man and manager with his wife

and child — “papa and mama in the Oberseegasse” — the son who wanted to go to America and went to Japan, and all the little interests and connections of the Saxon town life which Wagner never ceased to keep alive. But also there were more serious matters calling for deep sympathy. “I always go through a whole world experience when think of the possibility of the Heines — going to America. When I came back from the country to Paris in the end of June, 1849, the son, Wilhelm, came to me for an hour before my departure from Zurich. I liked this healthy, clever boy greatly and was very glad to see him: when he told me quite coolly that there was nothing to do nowadays in Europe and that he was going to America and his father and mother would follow after in a few years. It all seemed so reasonable and natural that I quietly took a pinch of snuff and said: ‘A wise arrangement’. See, that was a universal, historical moment. There ceases all individual, small, miserable consciousness; great, naked, and open we were both standing on the earth ball we call the world and took in with one survey the whole unstable globe. But this universal consciousness often leaves me, and then an indescribable sadness comes over me at the thought of the old Heine’s going to America! I clench my fists and my

teeth and such primitive oaths my body gives forth. Well, we shall perhaps meet once more before you go away. We shall fix a place of meeting and I promise you I shall be there." Immediately after comes in a note of humour: "The devil take it all, we shall not die of hunger. If things do not go on, then I shall write to my friend, Wilhelm, to America and tell him to get some sort of post for me as the last of the German Mohicans, — then we pack and sail off together." "Yet I am attached to Europe in every way: my work is to be done here and that with all the arms of my spirit", he continues with a more serious air. It was not so apparent to him that in Paris the first steps towards this were being taken. "My aversion is boundless; its only end is show and before whom? Great God, only before the crowd: not to any honest, intelligent man. Well, we shall see." Yes! and now we do see! But the good old Fischer did not live to see another meeting or any further triumph. By the time that Wagner at last, after thirteen years, was allowed to go home from Paris to Germany, the faithful friend had died, and the great man wrote the well-known, beautiful "Nachruf" to him and to the master Spohr together. But Wagner invited the "dear old 'Heinemännel'" in 1868 to Munich to the first representation of the

“Meistersinger” (“willingly would I undertake the expenses of the expedition”) ending in this hearty cordial way like twenty years before: “greet mama Heine and thank her for the delicate herring and potatoes in Campo Vacchino!” Another reminder of their homely German evening meals with herring and potatoes during the stormy days of “Rienzi” is in this significant fact of an older letter: “Since I felt quite clear that all our public art is not art but only artistic profession and that it must go to the devil without mercy from the fundatishn, — since then have I begun to win real joy in the work of art which will naturally of its own accord grow out of the future. Brother Fischer will shake his head and be very doubtful over these new views of mine on art when he hears them, but assure him that these new views are really only the old ones made clearer and less confused and so more human.” “Look, you good ‘Heinemännel’”—so concludes the fervid revolutionary of art—“here we are again in the train as if nothing had happened, and it seems as if were unalterably still the same as ever.” (The revolution and the flight had taken place meantime.) “So shall it always be. If the new comes from myself, it is always at bottom still only the old; but if the new comes from without one throws it aside as far as

one can, and if it cannot be otherwise, then one helps oneself from over the ocean even if one has to strain on tiptoe to do it. If you go to America who knows if I shall not meet you there from Kam-schatka, having struggled through to that region from Siberia, if the Russians should clean up here. In that case please only receive me well, and do not ignore me like an American republican if I should appear in my worn-out royal Saxon court uniform! But meanwhile as long as we are still in Europe quite near each other let us hear from each other; wherefore, do write me fully and tell brother Fischer to write to me too — everything, between ourselves, just what is happening — as if we were chatting in the evening over the herring-sauce: that is the way and it has a really homely air.”

Yes, “like Wagner” — as he himself waggishly used to say when he had, in homely freedom, said something carelessly, as if he were ironically speaking for the future eager biographer and student of his life. The “herring-sauce” of mama Heine reminds one of a hanging-lamp over the round family table which he often looked on with touching humour as a prototype of homely comfort when, the consummate master of “Parsifal”, he was sitting in the fine hall

at "Wahnfried", in the midst of his last friends and surrounded with outward comfort such as he perhaps never imagined he would experience. Nor, alas, did he experience too much of it. The world would not give his "Wahne" its peace (Friede), nor leave his ideal to undisturbed happiness. Was he not even envied the little "luxury" of which he once had written: „If I am to plunge myself in the sea of artistic imagination to satisfy myself in a world of fancy, at least my imagination must be helped therein. Then I cannot live like a dog. I cannot lie on straw, and refresh myself with bad gin. I somehow must feel myself caressed if the heavy works of cultivating a non-existent world is to be done successfully by my spirit". The "non-existent world" was at this time the poem of the "Nibelung" which the "existing world" thought was an impossible performance. Liszt said wittily about this work: "In it the Gods conjugate "to be", the Nibelungs "to have"! The Nibelung instinct, which took such offence at what Wagner was, directed its wrath against whatever the artist had, though in any ordinary citizen without artistic imagination and so without any noble incentives—a man of the world of Alberich—it would have seemed quite simple and suitable. Such people would have been most pleased

with the Wagner in Paris in the year 1840, who, with what really might be called “dog-straw” and “bad-gin” drained to the dregs the poverty of German genius and also sowed the seeds of his fatal illness. But already there he had attracted round himself a small, poor but warm circle of love and friendship—a prototype of that beautiful Dresden homeliness though that could never in the same pure and beautiful way come to his lot. Therefore he was—as his old Parisian friend, Kietz, used to say—too great for the others; and that was his pain,—he had to be great and yet wanted to be a man with men. Something of bitterness came over him as he found himself above and far removed from others. His circle of later friends would at his entrance at once stop their light talk and only respectfully wait in expectation of what he would say, when their natural simple intercourse would have given the benefit of rest and recreation. That he had found with his Dresden friends who kept nothing from this man, who was so much their superior as they acknowledged once and for all, and held fast to him even when separate, through the “Nibelungen” and “Tristan” and onwards, even past small misunderstandings and vexatious which could hardly have been avoided with good old Fischer—a child of another age. But

all differences of opinion and of habit, and even of position were here, as with Liszt, overcome of the humanity of mutual trust and steady faithfulness which was always still in the old place when the little cloud had passed over. How many later hasty friends of Wagner had not sense to hold out when the thunder was rolling, but ran off from him, before he, after some strong anger, had called out with playful reconciliation "I shall be vexed"—ran off and did not come back, but from without still raged over the bad weather when already long ago the sun was shining! How many have thus lost infinite happiness and also burdened themselves with the charge of having hurt the happiness of Wagner. Certainly he had earned to the full the need of happiness for his endless vexations. If only one of us—with so much less imagination and nervous sensitiveness, and lighter burden of life's meaning—had this experience of an everlasting and angry mass of the most wretched irritations such as this man had up to his last years and in view of his most elevated works! Would he then know how, from such depths of heart, to reconcile one whom he had innocently hurt in his vexation? That is the question.

In face of the greatness of the genius that now emerges more and more clearly out of the fogs and judgments of past time, one is ready to forget the fogs themselves through which the sun had to fight its way during its whole earthly day in order to penetrate the souls of men. It is certainly distressing to think how unworthily in our country one of her greatest sons has been treated. A very different picture of the artist than that given here is to be got from a collection of the recollections that his opponents have of him. But if one will understand why Wagner—who moreover hardly ever personally retaliated upon personal attacks — was rightly not in the habit of turning only a mild benevolent face to the world of German art-criticism, then one must look a little closer at the mildness and benevolence which this world shewed to him. Then perhaps they will forgive his friends that at the time of this accumulating hostility, they shewed in the defence of the man when they loved and acknowledged as noble and great, a youthful German adour and not dishonourable enthusiasm. It is a slight consolation that it is now “an old story” that a Moritz Hauptmann, from his side, could not help, with all credible authority commenting on the “absurdity and silliness of the music, calling the “Tannhäuser” overture, “an

unsuccessful and badly planned production". One may remember too that even as late as the sixties, the "Holländer", which was the forty years old, was sometimes described in respectable musical journals as "a dramatic and musical monster". I have myself, ten years later, heard favourite composers, men who did serious work and were keenly interested in German art, disputing as to whether the "Meistersinger" or its overture were the more dreadful. Not long before, a sensitive art writer, whose style was held in repute for its quiet elegance, found the whole music of the future only unspeakably comical. In 1858 the entire Viennese press pronounced it a failure to produce the "fanatic-unmelodious Lohengrin", and one can measure the rate of progress of enlightenment among the "enlightened" by the fact that even in 1868 the critics in Berlin—then and still noticeable for their worthy seriousness—found it a mortification to have to listen to the "puerile stammering" of the work. Indeed even in 1873—that is three years before Bayreuth—one of these gentlemen without fear of raising a storm used the words "The plated opera of Lohengrin is the caricature of music". For several decades in critiques of Wagner's music nothing had been heard of but the "plate" and now it came out in full force. Thus when in 1869 the

“Rheingold” first appeared, it got the name of the “Rhineplate” from the eminent wit of these wise ones who followed in the track of the older criticisms without a look at the score; and everyone laughed and thought this was the end of Wagner’s life-work. But the worst was yet to come when this life-work came to fruition in Bayreuth in 1876, and the old, gray artist, at the close of his incomparable artistic endeavour, had given his nation that ideal stage for which soon foreign nations were to envy us and there had begun to realize that ideal way of presenting art which our greatest masters had looked for as for a holy land. Once he wrote to Liszt, his only confidant, about his trouble in this life-work: “well, the Rheingold is finished. With what faith and joy I began the work: with truly the rage of despair I have continued and finished it. Ah, me too has the curse of the gold followed. Surely never was music so composed before. I think my music is terrible.” Yes: and so thought too the gentlemen of the world who had heard Alberich, but without a grain of comprehension of the tragedy of the artistic nature, which casts so keen a light on the tragic side of work by which he would reach an ideal deliverance from the troubles of life. How deeply must we be moved by Alberich’s gold-curse when we know Wagner’s

life and the suffering that attended his creative work. But, when it first came to the ears of these people, they called it in the noble acknowledgment of the ingenious Karl Hill, "an afternoon Sermon". A man and artist such as Wagner came forth before them and offered to their intelligence, which would inform that of others around them, such a work as the "Nibelungen Ring" at a place such as Bayreuth,—and how did they accept the gift, how did they, the representative of the German sense of arts come out of this experience? They could not find expressions wild or irreverent enough with which, in all the German and Austrian papers, to abuse the "Wagner-noise", "the feverish undertaking of a madman", "the brute-work of the days of terror at Bayreuth"; till at last one of them even went the length of the incredible expression of "this musical dramatic ape-like scandal". Perhaps this atrocity is to be explained by that current view of music that it is only "a clever apeing of things" that is inspired by listening to the common language of "the mythological cattle-byre!" These expressions have not only been said, but they are typical of this whole kind of criticism. Nothing more sympathetic could the skillfully prejudiced public find about this style of music in these professional critiques, which further discovered that Wo-

tan's farewell was heart-breaking and excruciating and that the Walküre was acceptable on the whole only from its numerous, if "diluted, Mendelssohnisms which were to be gratefully received even in Wagner". At this time, Mendelsohn was called the "last great German", and those Wagnerians who would not believe it were called "Charybantes and Iconoclasts". They had to bear to hear from the other side that their master's poems "were written in unskillful and slovenly language, their characters unflated, and their spirit vile",—so much so that sensitive critics were afraid to "waste the name of poetry on them." "Circus-effects were the only thing in them able to call forth applause and feeling":—so our constant teachers and leaders left the Festspielhaus of their great enemy, having just declared that the only momentary scenic success was a flash of lightening in the overture. Again: "the Bayreuth project is doomed, because these works are detestable and undramatic"—with this retired to the morally pure regions of the beloved Parisian theatrical world a not uncelebrated leading international critic with a German name. When, thanks to the efforts of the whole formation of opinion, six years afterwards the second Festspiel, "Parsifal", was reached in the "dead" Bayreuth, then this critical murderer reappeared and asked for his merits "free admission" to the festival.

In earlier years, Wagner had once said: "I want a softly enclosing element to make me rejoice in my work: this everlastingly having to put oneself in the attitude of defence calls out in me only resistance and despising, but there is here no love for expansion and production". So the old man of between sixty and seventy, after his Bayreuth accomplishment, let the wild uproar of the hour run its course though the literary world, and meantime in the quiet of his own house created for his nation the new and last work—the sacred drama of "atonement".

It was the time of the composition of this work. The already ailing artist was far from well and used to walk for recreation alone in the Hofgarten behind his house "Wahnfried". Suddenly an evangelical minister from a Frankish village, who had come to Bayreuth to attend a clerical meeting, attacked him then. Perhaps a little of the worldly press had entered into the county parsonage; at least, the obviously greatly excited theologian delivered a very sincere exhortation to repentance to the Poet of the 'Nibelung' about the sinfulness of his mermaids. Wagner quietly pointed to the tops of the old ash-trees and said: "You hear the birds chirping and singing there? Do you call that sinful too? Just the same are my Rhine-daughters". And

he passed where was waiting already his quiet grave and went into the house and sent out to the dumb-founded zealot the poem of "Parsifal". I do not know how the good man got on with the flower-maidens. Let us hope that the look into the eyes and the words of the poet led him to acknowledge in them the innocent gladness and grace of the purity of nature which in this scene the artist could not bring to sufficiently clear expression.

We smile at the zealous, eager man; but let us not smile. At least he meant it sincerely and well. He only stood more under the shadow of the newspaper world than in the blessing of his religion,—the reverse of a Wagner. It was a striking and instructive recollection of the evil work done by the great calumnies and slanders, which in 1876 were directed from all sides against the creator of the Bayreuth spectacle. It showed how far the poison had spread in the minds of the public. Since the appearance of "Parsifal" certainly may be noted a turn in the wheel not only in an ever growing sympathy for Bayreuth, first from beyond and by degrees also from within Germany, but also in the kind of estimate of Wagner. Such things as these of 1876 could not possibly recur. Still a sad and deplorable experience remains: the

hostile press, embarrassed by the elevated character of "Parsifal" and yet unwilling to appear to their readers to have become entirely won over to uncritical admiration, fastened (in 1882) upon the poor innocent "flower-maidens", and this cheap and frivolous criticism was seriously taken up by the non-christian side, and thereafter was spun from it on the part of influential orthodox clergy, in the interests of the general German Christian public mind, the accusation of corrupting religion. The old hostility thus indicated itself, now restrained, but zealous, even after Wagner's death.

But he has gone from us the creator of "Parsifal". The consummation of all his artistic life he found in the sphere of a religiousness that expressed itself in art which in turn was used in the service of the religious. Thence too in the last years of his life, went out in all his character and his intercourse with these around him who loved and honoured him, the noble consecration of a peace of spirit, from which one could gain real well being. There was much saved from the driving spirit of modern frenzy and confusion with which men still have to fight such a hard battle before they can reach that peace, the living picture of which at Wahnfried gave such joy to the friends of

the great German artist and sage. All the sayings given in the first part of these "Recollections" date from the time of peace at Wahnfried. Certainly the stupidity of the world penetrated even into these blessed fields of rest; but over that the sage could only heartily laugh. That was not so bad as the maliciousness and alienation that sought to rob him of the heart of the people and to injure them. But good and dear stupidity now and then sent him friendly letters to Wahnfried, of course not with any wish for his autograph, but—neat little proposals that somehow he might compose the ride of the Walkyries "better". The "better" composition of the signed worshipper was sent too! The composer of the "worse" ride of the Walkyries used on such occasions to say how grateful he always was to his brother-in-law, Olivier, the French minister from 1870, for the excellent piece of advice he so often had to follow in life: "Ne repondez-pas!" He will hardly have to justify, himself for this declination. He had something better to do. The spirit of careful kindness that was so characteristic of him, enclosed us, his happy last friends, within the sacred circle of the great masters of culture of the world, within the pantheon of the artistic and wise, which he had created in his Bayreuth home. This

he called his true "chamber-music". And so he said once: "What our great classical poets created still remains in a sense chamber-music." There in his rich "chamber" it became perhaps more and more lovely the more the world talked about him. He had his comfort and knew how to find comfort in the noblest and best work of the human spirit.

It may seem strange that there music did not absolutely play "first violin". Just as in the building of the great library in Wahnfried—after Wagner's humorous remark—a real music-room had been "forgotten" so the great musician towards the end was often in want of a helping pianist, while to hear or lead an orchestra became even rarer. It was a real outpouring of light from the central sun of his life when, nearly every year, Liszt came to visit him. When the incomparable master charmed for us at the piano Beethoven or his own works into the most ideal life, then Wagner certainly in his own way brought the feeling of the listeners to a happy outlet, as he once, with a spontaneous impulse, threw himself on the floor and crept towards his great friend calling out, "Franz, to you one may come only on all fours!"

Liszt has been indeed justly praised for his loving sympathy for all the small and smallest ones

who did anything in music; therefore it was he was never lonely all his days. Wagner, in the contrary has been reproached for indifference to the talents of his time. But this is not right. One who lived with him even in the loneliness of his old age must contradict it. The thing to be kept in mind about this is that Wagner's spirit and indeed his whole being was entirely absorbed by a certain ideal—an ideal which truly fathomed a world. His sole aim in life, was to work continually towards this ideal according to an inner law and to subordinate everything to the effort for its realization. And we cannot be grateful enough to him for it. It is only to this forceful instinct that drove him towards the ideal—which we wrongly call “onesided”—that we all are indebted for the unique benefit—a very great act of love—of the richest ideal joys. There was much that meant much for a Liszt—not to say for one of us—which, to him standing in the heart of the life of music and entirely belonging to that element, was of less importance and even made no impression on a spirit so lonely in its ideal of artistic culture. Yet Wagner was the very one all his life to long for real talent; not just for people to imitate him and benefit from him and copy him, but for original production that knew something.

“Children do make something new—new—always new” he once called out to Raff. This remained his motto. Nothing could bring him more joy than to meet such talent. He brought with him from Italy from one of his last journeys the quintett of the then still youthful Sgambati and had it played to him and his friends by the Meininger orchestra in Wahnfried. Over and over again till the end he sought to draw young musicians near him and teach them by being with them. Specially I recall Anton Seidl and Engelbert Humperdink. He deplored nothing more than when the students wanted to learn only about himself and knew very little of the older masters. He seemed to become even cool towards his earlier works if only there were played some air from the enraptured worlds of the “Nibelungen” and the “Tristan”. This changed under his guidance if the one concerned really with piety and love devoted himself to his doctrine. Then the former motto grew to this: “Know the old, and create the new!” Of course it was matter of importance for him to see to it that the hitherto unheard “new” that he himself had produced was presented by young talent in a way to establish a sound tradition for its being reproduced in a true style. Yet he disliked when his own works were

taken at the piano, if it seemed to him to be done for enjoyment rather than improvement. On one such occasion he called his "Tristan" an "extravagance" which had to be created but was not made "for playing". And not only by such and similar instructions and by unforgettable advice, but on the whole by introduction in the richest fullest way into the highest spiritual life and the truest civilization, and also by much, unknown, quiet help in the troubles of life, for which his goodness of heart was always ready—so did Wagner, until the last, be a guardian to many a youth and lift them above themselves by means of what they could gain through him and him alone.

Do I need to add that the educative and cultivating influence of Wagner was not confined to musicians. Here I shall mention only one illuminating instance, Heinrich v. Stein (ob. 1887). This man came to Bayreuth already in early youth apparently a remarkably convinced and complete follower of Dühring, but under the new inspiring influence of the great personality of the world-wise artist, he developed in a short time, with his striking powers, into the most significant student of the Wagnerian view of the world and the most worthy representative of his spiritual culture, and became the philosopher and

poet of the small young circle of Wahnfried. When, along with others, he found in the "Bayreuther Blätter", just the organ for his utterances and the developing culture which the great master had created, he came to the front of the younger man and sowed good seed as a teacher in the university. The future alone will estimate his full significance. But such a pupil a Stein only a master can have who excels all others in power and wisdom and love. And what he did for the spiritual school that he did also for the artistic. Even if that school of all noble German music, which with the help of Liszt, Wilhelmy and others, he had wanted to set up in Bayreuth, was not accomplished, still he succeeded in spite of all opposition on the ground of the production of "Parsifal" in 1882, in securing the great work of the dramatic school being carried on by the arrangements for the continuation of the Bayreuth Festspiel. Here too he was thinking not of his own art, but of the public, of the countless "sons of Germany" whose lot was a spare one. His last work was the establishment of the "Stipendienstiftung", by which persons of moderate means are enabled to attend the festival plays. The union that bore his name was to maintain only this and the "Bayreuther Blätter". Rich people were to give their means only for the material and spiritual help of the

poorer. From this then should develop the at present unattainable ideal of the free representation of all art from Bayreuth. When in 1876 the patrons stayed away, and the deficit grew more and more, then Wagner at once declared to the alarm of all his careful friends that before he would let a single ticket be sold or take a penny himself for his work, he would fill the house with the Bayreuth Garrison. This was thoroughly in accord with his fundamental views of the relation between true art and the public. He never regarded the "Patrons" as sellers of tickets: they had only made it possible to make the whole thing a free gift. All agitation which wished to secure "rights" for money was hateful to him. It was a real trouble of heart to him to have to concede otherwise as he had to do in 1882 in order to bring out "Parsifal". It was with a feeling like that that twenty years before Bayreuth he entirely gave up the composition of the "Nibelungen" and wrote at that time: "I have led my young 'Siegfried' into the lovely loneliness of the wood and there I have left it under the lime-trees and parted from it with sincere tears;—it will be better off there than anywhere else. If ever I shall take up the work again it must be made very easy to me or I can never possibly give the work as a gift, in the fullest sense, to the world." He used

to call it his "tragedy" that his greatest undertakings had to be at the same time the means of his livelihood.

"Dear Liszt, let us leave out the grocers!" This sounds all through Wagner's life in time of trouble. But the "grocers" did not leave him out. They knew well the reason why. It came about that the works of the artist, and even the once "impossible ones" on any other stage, became more and more popular, and the statistics of the performance mounted up to an incredible height, while Bayreuth, unhappy from festival to festival, helped itself on and counted on visits and income for being enabled to keep up the heritage of the founder in a style worthy of him and to develop it more and more with every year of success. Wagner's personal spirit here works in the faithfulness and piety of his friends. Also it has turned out otherwise than when works are popular because they have become fashionable and bring money. How often by such popularity is lost the esteem for the person of the artist! But not that one gives the works, but how one stands before the person of the artist is the question of conscience and of culture that arises with the appearance of such a great man. Therefore it is ever worth while to remind ourselves of the man in his complete reality. But in the festival plays surely survives the

noblest and clearest recollection of what Wagner was and of his work. If we ask: what is German? The answer is: Wagner, the man and the artist. If we ask: What in Wagner's art is most characteristic and true of the master? The answer is: Bayreuth.

Let us in the last place turn our eyes towards this most significant life-work of Wagner, and look, with a vision clarified by our recollections of his person, at the speciality of his artistic style which is the ideal expression of the originality of his whole artistic being. We have already remarked what it was that he required everywhere in musical works, viz: forceful immediateness and characterful distinction of expression, as in Beethoven's symphonies; further a sincere and inward soul-felt truthfulness and sensitiveness, as in Mozart's and Weber's melodies and in the more intimate compositions of Bach and Beethoven; and lastly a fine, cultivated artistic form which entirely corresponds with the subject-matter by the clearness of a particular style. These three qualities he tried in his own work to bring to as near perfection as possible. The energy of his musical language and the soul of his melody have by the strength of irresistible truth penetrated through all obstacles to the heart of public. Along with this, we

are apt. to underestimate the third characteristic, his strong marked sense of artistic form. It has been allowed to be said that Wagner was himself guilty of that which was most objectionable to him and for which he found most serious fault with modern musicians: viz:—a careless slightness of form and an inartistic want of restraint in passion, producing effects by blindly stirring up the nervous senses.

While a glance at the immense artistic work of a Wagnerian score is enough to convince one that here is not just wild passion driving its arbitrary course through the music, the circumstances of the musical world were such that Wagner's art could only too easily have been thus seriously misunderstood. The most utter confusedness of style ruled at the German opera-theatres. Only few traces were left of a classical tradition of the German master-pieces. These were surrounded by the flood of Italian and French operatic music. In the dominant show-operas of Meyerbeer the inartistic mingling of styles had even been elevated into a principle of art. Into the midst of a repertoire where all these different styles and not-styles were shrilly concerted, the works of Wagner entered with their new style which laid the highest and most difficult tasks on the artists. How should the artists prepare for it, since there

nowhere existed any school of it? Was even the creator of these works just at that time, when they unexpectedly became parts of the current repertoire, in the position to influence any German theatre and practical instruction? The artist, unaccustomed, as in the case of Glück and still more of Spontini, to the provision for ideal art of an high class, regular, formative and noble representation, had had his attention turned much more to stirring details of passion and magnificent pathetic flourishes by the French and Meyerbeerian opera. Now of course that was seized on in the new works of Wagner which was most comprehensible, the elements in them that were stirring or pathetic or demoniacal, which too had to produce an immediate and fascinating, but confused effect upon the public that always wanted to be excited. The great artistic form of the new style was lightly thrown aside by unlearned producers, which they little and little became surer of these effects. The powerful picture of the musical drama which needed for its clearness, the most correct representation, was painted with a hasty, broad brush, in all generally mixed colours *al fresco* and entirely incorrectly. The unregulated waste of means, with the confusion of that finer sense of art which had to present itself as an immediately apparent production,

gave to his already more musically than dramatically gifted opponents only too much ground for maintaining that Wagner's music meant the death of all true and pure art.

The very opposite of all that was Wagner's view and determined the artistic nature of his style. He, whose glance had seen in the depth of the world tragedy, the unstilled destructive play of demoniacal passions, and had seen in the newer German music the same restless desire gaining predominance over tune and voice, acknowledged deeply and clearly as any artist that these terrible and tragic facts of existence could be restrained and quieted, and even directed to the aims of a transcendent, glorious harmony, by the noble and thoughtful power of the great art. With the suonding movement of the mental powers under the stirring spiritual reign of music, the impressive picture of the visible drama upon the scene should stretch itself like a satisfying rainbow over stormy and thunderous skies. For the quietly moving, simple, great, typical, significant lines of a distinctly executed song-melody and a studied expressive representation should draw away the artistic scene of the spectator from all sensual passion and attach him entirely to the elevated dream picture of the drama, as it does in the measured movement of the monumen-

tal style at Bayreuth, passing in noble remoteness over the mystic abyss of music as a glorified appearance from another ideal sphere. For in order in no wise to disturb the elevated quietude of this ideal representation, the unavoidable unquietude of the moving, hundredfold complicated organism of musical performance was withdrawn from the public eye; and in the same way on the stage, every too violent or forcible or even unbeautiful movement, even in detail, all modern colouring, and excited imitation must be put far away so as not to hinder the noble, calming impression of this great style.

The psychological refinement of the modern dramatic theatre owes its origin to the Shakespeare theatres, i. e. to the strictly limited region of the spoken drama. It is only then that the public can closely and with detailed interest follow each movement, each change of feature in the actors in the deeply studied expression of the modern dramatic representation of soul life. But now these characteristics of the spoken drama are carried over into the wide sphere of the opera which is conditioned only by the music, and thus results a great scenic empire of wonder. But with this has been called out a most doubtful confusion of styles. In the great space like a temple of the operatic theatre belongs only the grand style of the

ideal structure of musical drama with far reaching effects on a mass of people. But the aim of our great classical poets, on the contrary, towards particular variations of style did far more, even in the fundamentals of the spoken drama, to attain a high style of ideal art. Thus it was found that three things always were confused and alarmed and bewildered people: the dominant Shakespearian realism; the incapacity of actors for the ideal; and the incomprehensible ideal effect of the music, even in the remarkable hybrid form of the opera. Only by the creative power of music is the ideal style of the drama made possible. If Goethe and Schiller followed up the "Sturm und Drang" of the "Räuber" and the "Götz", with masterly reflectiveness, of the finished, serene idealizations of an "Iphigenia" and a "Braut von Messina", and so to some extent brought confusion into the mind of the German public of that time; then one can say that in Wagner's work both are to be found united, namely—on the one hand, the realism of the drama glorified and idealised by the fundamental co-operation of music, and on the other hand, the "Sturm und Drang" of modern music elevated into the repose of the true style of presentation of an ideal drama.

To cultivate this presentation, which conspicuously corresponds with his peculiar style of art, little by

little perfect it and fix its traditions—that was Wagner's aim and hope in the establishment of the Bayreuth theatre and the Fest-play then. His last more important essay in the "Bayreuther Blätter" (1882, XII) in memory of the first performance of "Parsifal" expressed his mind on the subject clearly once more. The possibility was sketched and offered to the German spirit, which is really deeply sensitive if not so artistically disposed, to give the figurative, symbolic form of artistic style to his purest expressions—music, myth and the idealistic comprehension of life. Here the interests of the German spirit, dissipated in a thousand directions, could meet in the land of peace and beauty of the mind—a land to which it is originally native—and raising from it the glorified picture of a dramatic world-parable could lift the spirit to the region of the universally human and up to the religions. Here one can learn what was Wagner's aim as an artistic developer of style and can experience for oneself wherein consisted his importance as a reformer of culture.

As this art work of his had its roots in music, so too had his particular reforming power and significance. He once called music his "good angel", that had preserved him as an artist and indeed first called him to be an artist, at a time, when his sen-

timents were strongly rebellious and as, he says, "he opposed with growing resolution the ruling positions of art." He added significantly: "This opposition did not arise from outside the department of art, not from the standpoint of the critical man of letters, nor of the modern political mathematician who denies art in his social calculations, but because my revolutionary disposition awakened in me the pressure of the capacity of artistic accomplishment, and for this I thank only music."

Thus Wagner began at the revolution time—correspondingly with the German spirit—a reforming work as a musical artist; and as such is he today able to accomplish it. If the reformer in the political sphere can make use only of existing political means, quite other means were prepared for Wagner the artist, by the unparalleledly powerful development of German music! After the most terrible Thirty Years War, at the time of the general ungermanising, music was awakened as the only voice of the still not dead German mind. Through all the historical troubles and changes of a century and a half, it had cultivated itself on the free field of art, in the true German spirit, from Bach to Beethoven. There was raised an ideal German world where could be reared the lofty building of a great

work of art if only the right architect came, even if the whole real world were in opposition to it. This too was a reality: here also was a Germany where the noblest German forces had been carefully nurtured under the care of the German masters. Here, from the free region of art, the noble powers of the German mind, to which free development was denied in the midst of the social political world and the current materialism,—from here they could immediately reach and affect hundreds of thousands of the civil world and enable them to conceive of blessings in something else than that which surrounded them every day and which could never satisfy them. There had still only to come a man such as Wagner after the great awakeners and cultivators of the artistic strength of mind of the nation—a man who with all such strength combined a forceful energy and by strikingly great achievements, which drew to him the attention of the whole country, restored to the great art the lost reputation of providing an ideal world of culture of the first national importance. This distinctive and free world of art could still be a reforming power upon the public mind of Germany to day. The long struggle for the safe accomplishment of the possibility has not forced any concessions from the

work of art, though it cost the master many privations and sacrifices. The work of art is living as he created it, and, further, has found an abode, so long as we are able to maintain it and carry it on in his spirit—Bayreuth.

The “hero-song” of Bayreuth, we can give to our readers only in Bayreuth. May they by these “Recollections” of the man who was so entirely an artist, feel themselves the more strongly impelled to seek the artist on his own home where he speaks to men’s souls in the universally comprehensible language, which too even before his death, was not mute. And if we have tried to let our readers listen too to the chamber-music in the rooms of Wahnfried,—music, now for ever gone though it still ever echoes within us—will they not admit at last that here too was a “hero-song”?—A hero-song from the Indians down to that last contemporary sage of our time: Carlyle. The famous “hero-worshipper”, who shortly before his death in 1881 had received from Wagner as a last gift “Religion und Kunst” gave rise to a conversation at Wahnfried in the course of which Wagner said to us: “The ‘Napoleonides’ have no heroism, they lack faith. The personality retreats behind the activity of their fancy and of their military or diplomatic talent. This defect

would have been felt by the Greek as unbeauty, and they could not have imagined a hero with it. Frederick the great was a perfect hero: in him the personality made him great—the reverse of the soulless diplomat of mere intelligence that outside of its own department is only ridiculous and miserably small. No one expects such ones to sacrifice themselves.” So Wagner understood the true heroism! All those who reverence him as the creator of great works of art, may learn from himself, from his personality, which to-day stands out living and near, what heroism is in suffering and working: German heroism. The pure figure of our hero rises up to us, now as before, clearest and greatest from a right comprehension of his works and his words. It is immortal. If we hold fast to this, then each little feature of his personal life will shed a new light on the elevated picture towards which are directed our admiration and our love. And the more we represent to our selves, in this great example of our time, what our heroes are, the more strongly shall we be moved with the profoundest desire for our public life, that our hero, of whom we have here been thinking in these various recollections, may not be the last in the grand succession in which he most worthily took a place.

—o Printed by Julius Klinkhardt, Leipzig. o—

— The property of the translators. —

CARL GIESSEL



Establishment 1853.



Telephon 17.

Book- and Music-Seller:

Dealer in works of art

3 Opernstrasse

BAYREUTH

3 Opernstrasse.

Photographs

from pictures of old and modern masters.

Views of Bayreuth and its environs,

of the

Fichtel-Mountains

and

Frankish Switzerland

in all sizes

mounted and unmounted.

Etchings, Engravings.

Fine Art Albums.

Assortment

of the Tauchnitz-Edition.

Baedeker-books

for travelling.

Scientific books.

Sale of

english and american journals.

Speciality:

Large stock of all the pamphlets on

Richard Wagner

of all his written works and his
compositions, besides every variety

of busts,

statuettes

and portraits of

Richard Wagner.

Portraits in Costume

in his dramas

Parsival, Tannhäuser,

Lohengrin,

the Mastersingers of Nuremberg,

Tristan and Isolde.

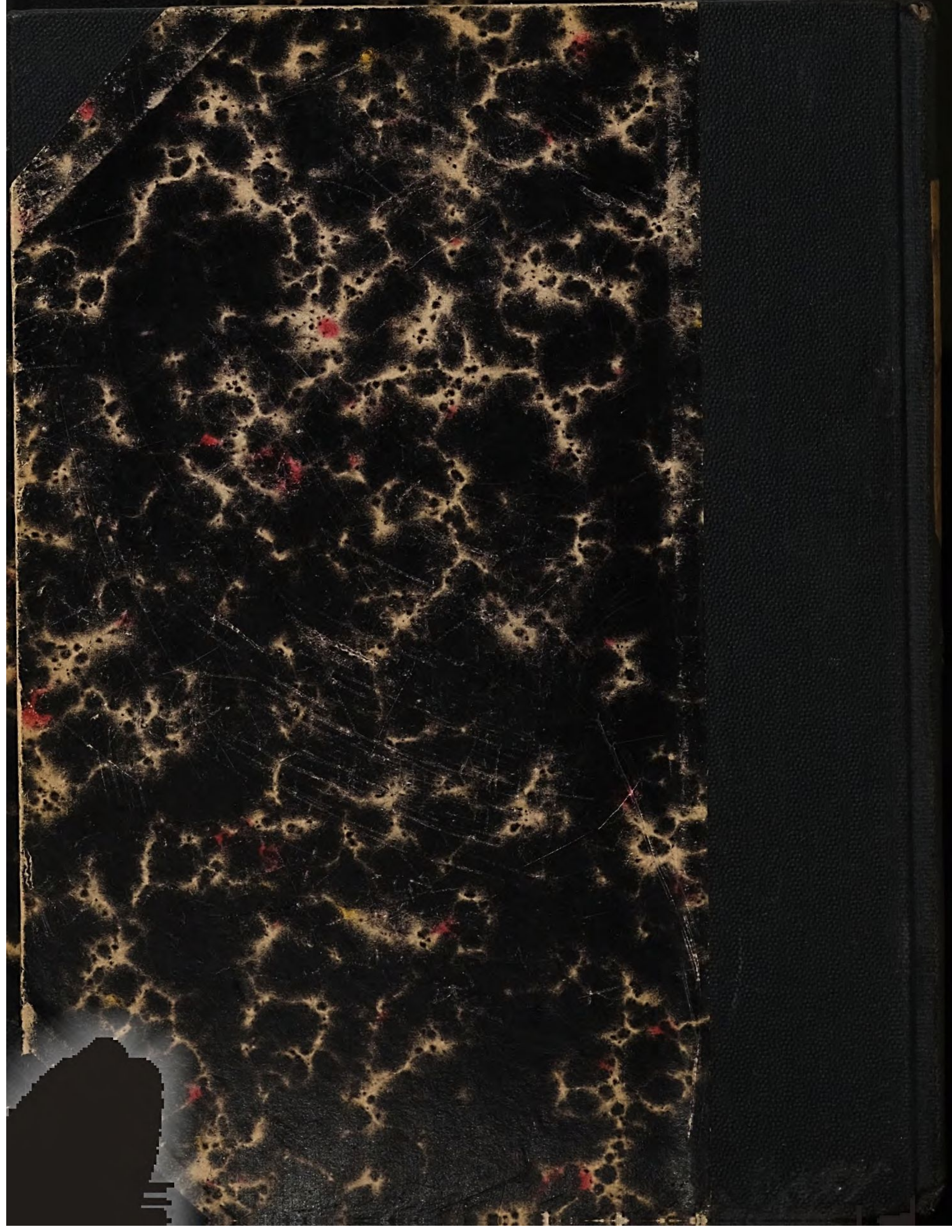
→ **CATALOGUE** ←

of the

pictures, books and music-books sent post-free.

Orders for abroad will be promptly attended to.

Böa



Wolzogen, Hans <<von>>,

Recollections of Richard Wagner

Bayreuth 1894

Mus.th. 5169 c

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11658552-0